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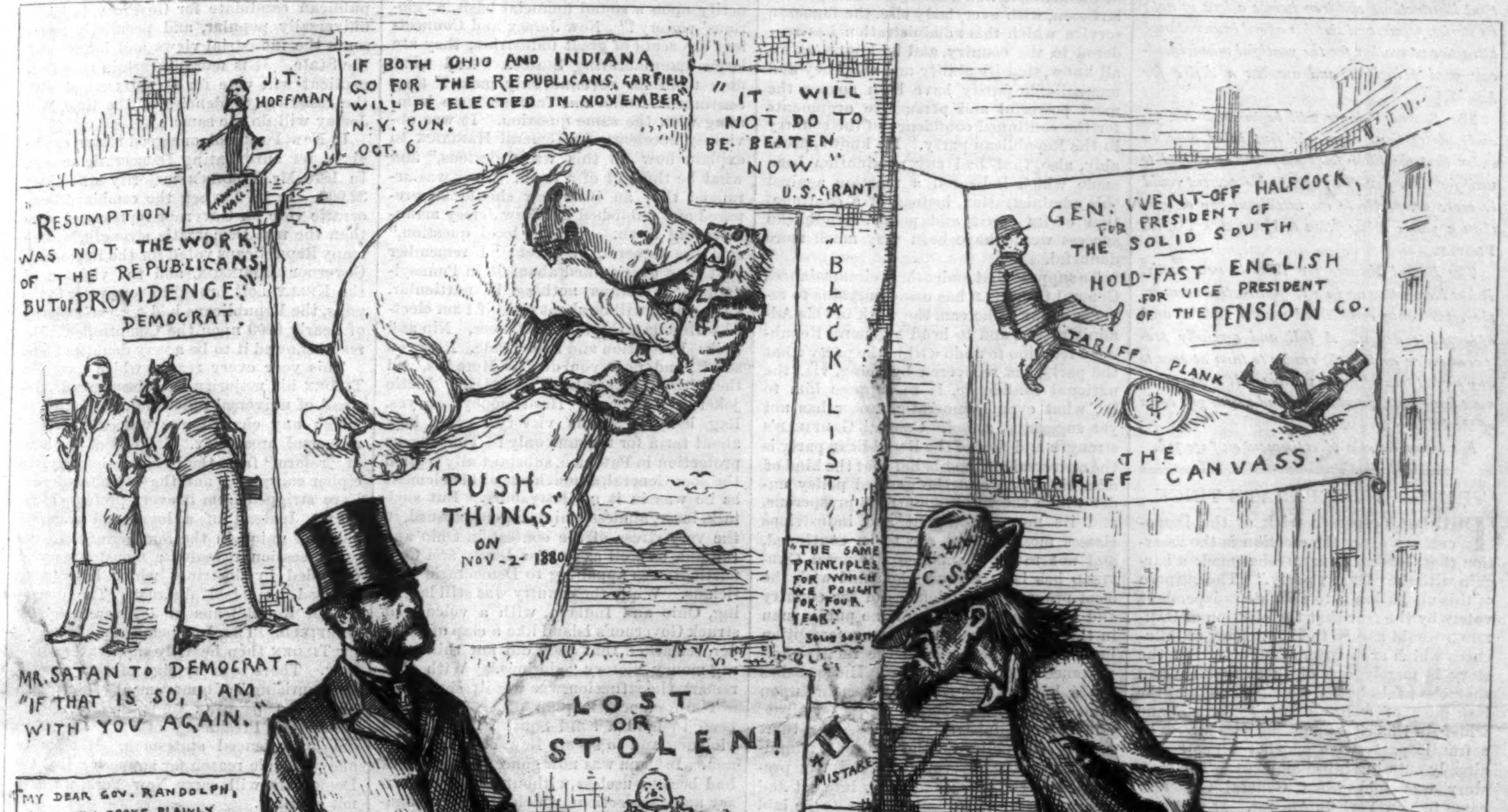

THE NORTH MEANS BUSINESS.

North to South. "As long as you defy me with a *solid front*, I *will* not turn my back!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1880.

"The King of the Juveniles."

SECOND VOLUME.

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THE LAST DESPERATE TRICK.

THE last desperate trick of the Democrats to carry the election is the assertion that General GARFIELD has made a bargain with the "GRANT party." The purpose of this allegation is to alienate independent voters by the fear that the election of GARFIELD would secure the supremacy of influences which such voters distrust. But the story is merely one of those reckless and shameless falsehoods which abound in the last days of a Presidential canvass, and which, in this case, show the sore straits of a frantic party with which the people are already entering into judgment. The same story was told when General GARFIELD came to New York in August. It was then announced that he was coming into the State to surrender to Mr. CONKLING as the price of Mr. CONKLING's permission for the Republicans of New York to support their own ticket. Unluckily for the prosperity of this story, Mr. CONKLING withdrew from the city as General GARFIELD entered it, and did not re-appear until General GARFIELD had left it. Mr. CONKLING subsequently made a speech in the city, and if he had concluded a bargain with General GARFIELD, the terms, if we may judge from the tone of the allusions to the General in the speech, could not have been very grateful to the Senator. The whole story was absurd. Long before Mr. CONKLING spoke it had become solely a matter of interest to himself whether he took part in the canvass or not. It was already under full headway. He might go with the current or refrain from going, and he decided to go. Neither his conduct nor his speech was that of a man carrying out a bargain. We said when General GARFIELD came to New York, and we say now, that at no time in his public career has he ever made a political bargain, that he has made and would make none now. If his election depended upon a bargain with Mr. CONKLING, or General GRANT, or any other person, he would not be elected. This may be called merely our assertion. But the charge of bargain is merely a Democratic assertion, and we put our assertion upon this point against that of any Democratic paper, or orator, or committee.

The story has been revived since the October elections. After a meeting at Warren, in Ohio, at which General GRANT presided, and Senators CONKLING and LOGAN spoke, the ex-President and the Senators paid a short visit to General GARFIELD at Mentor. They staid about twenty minutes, and then, we are informed, the bargain was concluded. Of course the Democratic papers which vociferate the story are thoroughly informed upon the subject. The Generals and the Senators took the Democratic reporters into their confidence, of course, and told them that Mr. CONKLING was to dispense the patronage in New York, and Mr. LOGAN in Illinois, and Mr. CAMERON in Pennsylvania, while General GRANT was to be the heir of the nomination in 1884, but poor Mr. BLAINE was to be left out altogether. This is the kind of stuff which Democratic papers *in articulo* deal out to their readers in the futile hope that somebody will accept it. There is no such contempt for the popular intelligence and common-sense as that which Democratic papers and orators display. General GARFIELD's political character and sympathies and tendencies are perfectly familiar to the country and to those who support him. He has been from the beginning of President HAYES's administration one of its most faithful friends. He has not approved everything that has been done, probably, but no administration could more fully represent the views or pursue the policy which General GARFIELD has advocated with signal power and eloquence. If there was one distinguished Republican whose entrance into the cabinet of President HAYES at any moment would have been the most natural of incidents, it was General GARFIELD. He has seen, with everybody else, the immense service which this administration has rendered to the country, and he knows, as we all know, that its ability and efficiency and unassailable purity have been among the most powerful and persuasive arguments for the continued confidence of the country in the Republican party. He knows, probably, also, that had any nomination been made which indicated a reaction against this administration, instead of a continuation of its spirit and policy, Republican success would have been very much more doubtful.

To suppose that under these circumstances General GARFIELD has made bargains to reverse, so far as he can, the work of this Administration, and to head a general Republican reaction to undo within the party what the party has recovered by doing, viz., the national confidence, is to suppose him to be, what even Democratic rancor has not yet suggested, a fool. General GARFIELD's strength and that of the Republican party is the universal and just belief that the kind of administration and the general policy under which the whole country is prosperous, and its most intelligent and industrious classes most content, are to be continued, and not to be abandoned. General GARFIELD has been always identified with the most progressive tendencies of the country and of his party. There is no public man in the Union who has a clearer perception both of the essential and the relative importance of great questions. His speeches are a body of the soundest doctrine upon finance in all its aspects, upon sectionalism, and upon administrative reform. If a thoroughly wise policy for the beneficial administration of the government, and for the promotion of the welfare of every interest and every part of the country, were to be laid down, it would be laid down upon the principles which General GARFIELD has constantly supported, which he thoroughly comprehends, and which have characterized the present administration. He is as peculiarly fitted to take the Presidency at this time as ABRAHAM LINCOLN was peculiarly adapted to the situation of twenty years ago. He has no more made bargains with the "GRANT party" than with the TILDEN party, or the HANCOCK party, or the WEAVER party. He is a Republican in the truest sense and of the best kind. But his Republicanism is not prescribed to him by other Republicans; and reasoning from his whole life and character, his conduct of Republican administration will be determined, not by bargains nor by dictation, but by his own convictions of the Republican policy demanded by the welfare of the whole country.

GENERAL HANCOCK EXPLAINS AGAIN.

POOR General HANCOCK has explained again. Nothing could be more unfortunate for him. He was entreated at the beginning of the canvass not to speak and not to write. But no sooner had the rag-money men apparently succeeded in Maine—a success which promised to pay labor 86 or 88 cents for a dollar, and to paralyze industry and enterprise by inflation—than the General shouted "Glorious! glorious!—a great victory for conciliation!" But the whole country fell to thinking what such a glorious victory meant. The country is universally prospering. Labor is liberally paid. Money for great enterprises can be had upon the most favorable terms ever known. In great manufacturing towns the census enumerator finds nobody unemployed. Does this victory which General HANCOCK calls "glorious" mean greater prosperity, lower interest, more extensive operations, more universal employment, higher wages, stronger confidence, and deeper content? These are the questions which the country began immediately to ask, and the result in Ohio and Indiana shows that the people do not agree with General HANCOCK that rag money, and a depreciated currency, and doubt, and loss of confidence, and consequent stagnation of industry, and slack employment, are "glorious." The result in Maine, which General HANCOCK called "glorious," had the effect of bringing the revenue question into commanding prominence. "Tariff for revenue only," said the Democratic platform. What does that mean? asked Ohio and Indiana. Revenue can not be raised from foreign productions unless they are admitted at rates which make them cheaper than home productions of the same kind, was the answer.

The whole subject was at once opened. The consequences of such a policy upon the labor engaged in those home productions was evident. Ohio and Indiana reflected that swindling dollars and fewer of them were not "glorious" in any view. New Jersey also, and Connecticut, were astir with the question. "How is the success of a rag-money campaign, in a time of general prosperity upon a sound financial basis, a 'glorious' victory?" New Jersey and Connecticut are seats of great industries; they are large manufacturing States. "And what does tariff for revenue only mean?" they continued. Ohio and Indiana were humming with the same question. It was obviously necessary for General HANCOCK to explain how all this was "glorious," and what he thought of a tariff. So it was arranged that an interview should be prepared and published in a New Jersey manufacturing town. "'Tis a local question," said the General, in effect; "I remember that they once talked about it in Pennsylvania. It means nothing in particular. Everything will be about right if I am elected. Here is a thimble, as it were. Nip and tuck. Protection and Free Trade. Now you see it, and now you don't. Here 'tis, and there 'tisn't. Certainly. All right. Little joker, so to speak. Hard money: oh yes. Rag baby: glorious victory." But how about tariff for revenue only? That means protection in Paterson, substantially replied the poor General, as much out of his element as he was in it at Gettysburg. But such talk, loose, aimless, unintelligent, absurd, in the very stress of the contest in Ohio and Indiana, as well as in New Jersey and Connecticut, was appalling to Democratic politicians. While the country was still laughing, Ohio and Indiana, with a voice that struck Governor's Island like a clap of thunder, remarked that they did not think the rag-money victory "glorious." With that remark the situation was wholly changed.

The Democratic plan of campaign has been to hold a solid South by fraud and violence, and to secure New York and Indiana. Indiana was now gone, and New York had become useless without both New Jersey and Connecticut, which are full of manufactures. The situation was desperate. Senator RANDOLPH, of New Jersey, hastened to write to General HANCOCK that he must have been incorrectly reported; his views upon the tariff were evidently misapprehended. Tipping the General the wink, if the expression may be allowed, the Senator said that "our manufacturing friends" are very anxious: would the General explain a little more? The poor General, therefore, has explained again. He says substantially that protection has built up our industries, and he stands upon the platform of tariff for revenue only; and then, in full view of South Street and the free-trade Democratic city, the afflicted General adds that "all talk about free trade is folly." There ought to be a society for the punishment of cruelty to candidates, and Senator RANDOLPH should be the first culprit dealt with in the most exemplary manner. Who would have believed that the old torture of the thumb-screw would be revived in an American political canvass, and applied to an old soldier? General HANCOCK's platform demands a tariff for revenue only, which means, as we have said, the admission of foreign productions at rates making them cheaper than home productions of the same kind. General GARFIELD's platform demands "that the duties levied for the purpose of revenue should so discriminate as to favor American labor." It is not necessary to interview him nor to ask him to write a letter to explain what he understands by that declaration. Long before he was a candidate for the Presidency General GARFIELD said:

> "I would have the duty so adjusted that every great American industry can fairly live and make fair profits, and yet so low that if our manufacturers attempted to put up prices unreasonably, the competition from abroad would come in and bring down prices to a fair rate. Such a tariff, I believe, will be supported by the great majority of Americans."

He opposed the Democratic bill then pending, because it put up duties where increase was not necessary, and cut them down where cutting would kill. General GARFIELD knows what he thinks upon the subject, and why he thinks it, and the country agrees with him. General HANCOCK doesn't exactly know what the subject is, nor what he thinks upon it, except that he would like to have a tariff for revenue only mean protection at least in New Jersey and Connecticut.

NEW YORK.

SINCE the October elections there is no pivotal State. The Democratic claim now is the solid South—solid by fraud and force—with Maine, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. A change of two hundred votes will give Maine to the Republicans, and we presume there is no one who doubts that the vote of the State will be for GARFIELD. The local elections in Connecticut have shown the rising Republican tide, and the various active and profitable industries of the State will not vote for a change. New Jersey is moved by similar influences. General GARFIELD holds the views upon American industry which are most agreeable to New Jersey, and Mr. POTTS, the Republican candidate for Governor, is justly universally popular, and peculiarly represents the industrial views and interests of the State. It is morally certain that Connecticut will vote for GARFIELD, and with the resistless tendencies of the time, New Jersey will do the same.

In New York not one good reason can be given for anticipating Democratic success. In 1876 Mr. TILDEN's majority was about 32,000. In 1879, when the combined Democratic vote for Governor represented more than the real Democratic strength, because many Republicans voted for the Democratic Governor ROBINSON, and the violence of the KELLY bolt brought every voter to the polls, the Republicans had a clear majority of nearly 6000 upon the Comptroller. The result showed it to be a very doubtful State.

This year every reason which gave Mr. TILDEN his majority has disappeared. Instead of universal industrial prostration, to which any change was welcome, there is universal prosperity. Instead of the hope of "reform" from the Democratic party, the cipher conspiracy and the GARCELON frauds have stripped from it every pretense of reform. Instead of a loyal and fraternal spirit of union in the Southern States, the extra session revealed a monstrous policy defended by doctrines which have justly aroused universal distrust. The discontented Republicans of 1876 are solid for GARFIELD. The Independents who voted for TILDEN then heartily support GARFIELD now. There is every sign of a great popular "uprising," of a movement of the people which sweeps away the politicians, and demands the Presidency of an honest, able, and experienced statesman. If there be one plausible reason for supposing that the Democrats will carry New York, we have not heard it.

"CHIVALRY."

ON the 17th of September Senator WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina, wrote to Secretary SHERMAN that he had just seen a report of the Secretary's remark that "you are asked to surrender all you have done into the hands of WADE HAMPTON and the Ku-Klux and the little segment in the North that is called the Democratic party." The Senator asked the Secretary if he meant to connect him directly or indirectly with the Ku-Klux Klan. He dates significantly from "Daggers Springs." On the 21st of September Secretary SHERMAN replied that he does not remember his precise words, but that the report was probably generally correct, and that while he did not suppose the Senator to be a personal participant in the crimes of the Ku-Klux, yet that he and his friends undoubtedly enjoyed the political fruits of those crimes, and since the Senator had opened the matter, the Secretary tells him some wholesome truths more plain than palatable.

To this Senator HAMPTON on the 1st of October replies that the Secretary had said what was absolutely false, and what he knew to be false, and adds that his own address is Columbia, South Carolina. On the 18th the Secretary receives the Senator's note, and replies that just before opening it he had seen a report of a speech by the Senator calling the Secretary a liar, which report the Secretary said must be incorrect, because of the Senator's general reputation as a gentleman. The Secretary adds that he has not changed his views in regard to the Ku-Klux, notwithstanding the Senator's denial, and that as the Senator had already published the matter in a speech. he should send the correspondence to the press, which he accordingly did.

Senator HAMPTON's tone is that which was fmailiar before the war. Happily its day is past. Mr. SHERMAN, with the calm and cool good sense of an honorable American citizen, treats braggadocio with supreme disdain. Nothing could be truer than

Mrs Wm Smith

his remark that the political ascendency of Senator Hampton and his party associates has been acquired by the terrorism of the colored voters known as the Ku-Klux. The crime of force having done its work, is succeeded by the crime of fraud. The election of 1878 in South Carolina was carried by tissue ballots. Sir George Campbell, an English gentleman, was in the State just after the election, and he says that there was no pretense of concealment. "I never heard a suggestion that these extraordinary little gossamer-web things were designed for any other purpose than that of fraud." Except for the Ku-Klux and the frauds Mr. Hampton would not be in the Senate, and except for the same crimes he could not safely have promised the 138 solid votes of "the South" for the Democratic candidate.

DEMOCRATIC HORROR OF THE BAR'L.

Messrs. English, Hendricks, McDonald, Landers, and other Democratic managers in Indiana have issued an address to Democrats and independent voters, in which they attribute the result in that State to Africanization, the corrupt use of money, repeating, and the national election laws. The first reason is foolish; but even if there had been a vast increase of Republican votes from the "exodus," it was Democratic oppression which produced the exodus. As for the national election laws, the marines, but not the independent voters, will believe that they prevented honest voting. As for repeating, Democrats and independent voters, in this State at least, know that that is a game in which Democrats will gladly give odds to any player. Tammany Hall complaining of repeating would be as edifying a spectacle as the Western allies of Tammany making the same complaint.

As for the corrupt use of money, why was Mr. William H. English nominated for the Vice-Presidency? Was he a politician of any standing in the Democratic party? Did anybody in the country, except students of party politics, know that there was such a man as Mr. William H. English? The reason of his nomination was simply and only that Indiana was an October State, and probably a Democratic State, and therefore it was desirable that some rich Indiana Democrat should be found to place upon the ticket with General Hancock. Does anybody suppose that Mr. English would have been nominated if he had not been a rich man? It was not the man, indeed, it was the bar'l, that was nominated at Cincinnati.

It is ludicrous for the managers of the "seven more mules" party to raise holy hands of horror at "the corrupt use of money" in Indiana. Doubtless there was such use, and it is one of the growing dangers of our elections. We have often pointed out the radical peril which lies in this corruption. But bad as it is, it does not yet explain such a result as that in Indiana. It is not Africanization, and repeating, and corrupt use of money, and national election laws, which carried Indiana. Indiana was carried by the unwillingness of the people to change prosperity and confidence into doubt and difficulty by intrusting the control of the government to an alliance of the "solid South," rag-money men, and Tammany Hall. Probably not a single voter in the country read the appeal of Mr. English and his fellow-managers without a smile.

THE WORK IN HAND.

The friends of General Garfield will not forget that, however promising the prospect, he is not yet elected, and he can not be elected except by the same firm purpose and thorough organization and activity which have thus far marked the campaign. The Democratic leaders know that if they are defeated this time they can not hope, without vital and fundamental changes, to obtain control of the government in this generation. Their defeat would dissolve the solid South, and open the way for a legitimate reorganization of parties, and the disappearance of sectionalism.

But to avert defeat they will strain every nerve, and try every trick. Republicans must remember that they deal with untiring and unscrupulous opponents. Pleasant and cheering as torch-light processions and pageants are, there is other and more essential work to be done.

A Republican organization in every voting district of the State of New York which will bring to the polls every Republican voter, or know why he does not come, will secure the State for Garfield by an immense majority. Such an organization is indeed general throughout the State. But if it does not exist anywhere, it can be improvised by a few intelligent and resolute Republicans. No effort and no vote can be spared. The prize is worth every honest and constant endeavor.

A SOUTH-SEA BUBBLE IN BOSTON.

The Boston *Daily Advertiser* has recently done a great public service by its continuous and vigorous exposure of a remarkable scheme to swindle working-women of their money. "The Ladies' Deposit Company" proposed to receive deposits of money from women only, and to pay them an interest of eight per cent. a month, or ninety-six per cent. a year, with liberty to withdraw the deposit at any time. The bank was apparently managed by women, and it is evident that if a great many were persuaded, by the golden promise, to deposit, the money so received could be paid out monthly so long as it came in, and the capacity of the bank would be measured only by the credulity of the dupes.

The scheme has been in operation for two or three years. How much money has been taken from hard-working and unwary women, tempted by the munificent promise, and the victims of their own ignorance, can not be known. But there is no doubt that a large sum has been collected. Within a certain circle, and in a limited way, there has been a kind of South-sea Bubble fanaticism and intoxication. The first exposure merely fanned the flame. The deposits increased. There was no knowledge of the uses to which the money was put, no explanation of the sources of the extraordinary return. It was all an act of faith. There were rumors of a vast charity fund as the fountain of wealth, but there was nothing tangible. No names were mentioned, no explanation given, but ardent believers, some of them women, repelled with scorn the insinuation that so beneficent a scheme was a swindle. They worshipped it as Dickens's bottle-green Patriarch was worshipped by the faithful.

But the seasonable articles of the *Advertiser* bore fruit. The deposits declined, and the withdrawals increased. There were signs of stormy weather. The managers explained, and persuaded some depositors to postpone a settlement. But what had become of the charity fund, and the body of rich benefactors doing good by stealth, was not explained. There was an obvious "staving off." If the concern was honest, there could be no trouble. The trouble and delay and confusion heralded a catastrophe. Call payments were finally suspended, and after a bewildered day or two the sheriff appeared, and this extraordinary confidence game is at an end. The amount of the loss, and the number of persons concerned in the scheme, can not yet be known, and it is very doubtful what the legal remedy may be. But the story, in its way, is as striking and suggestive as that of John Law. Those who wonder that sensible working-women in Boston to-day could be so deceived must remember that men and women of the highest rank and intelligence were swept away by the frenzy of vast returns from wholly vague and inexplicable sources before the great South-sea Bubble burst. Let any woman who is tempted by the promise of immense returns to risk her hard-earned money first of all ask some intelligent employer, or any other intelligent man, at what rate capitalists can invest safely their money, and she will not hope to receive from some mysterious source all her money back in interest every year.

TREVELYAN'S EARLY HISTORY OF FOX.

One of the most delightful of new books, which we think is sure to take its place as one of the most interesting biographies in our literature, is *The Early History of Charles James Fox*, by George Otto Trevelyan, the author of *Lord Macaulay's Life and Letters*. That book showed Mr. Trevelyan to have the gift, which Macaulay himself had in so great a degree, of fascinating narration. No memoir of late years is more entertaining or written with more skill. In the present work Mr. Trevelyan incidentally speaks of Boswell as a man of some undoubted foibles, but a writer whose pages will never fall into oblivion. Whatever he touched he left singularly attractive. He was foolishly proud of being called Corsica Boswell, but his book upon Corsica nearly plunged England into war, because it was so entertaining that everybody read it, and Boswell's view became public opinion. Mr. Trevelyan, with none of Boswell's folly, has his fascinating biographical talent.

This life of Charles Fox in his early Tory days traverses a field familiar to many readers of English history. But there is no book which gives so full and brilliant a picture of the society of the beginning of George the Third's reign. Macaulay's own historical pictures are not more glowing and felicitous. The material, indeed, is ample, but the artist is equal to his work. He is not blind to any of Fox's faults, but his thorough delineation of his father's character, and the circumstances under which the orator grew up, enable the reader to understand Fox's hold of the heart of Whig England despite his personal faults. The picture is drawn with sympathy and admiration, but with the eyes of the artist wide open. He sees and tells everything, but everything in its true relation to other things. The style is colloquial and intimate, but rich also, and lucid, and effective. It is, indeed, a captivating book.

It covers the period from 1749 to 1774, and includes the story of John Wilkes, which is more admirably told here than elsewhere, and the great quarrel with the city of London about reporting the debates. These are two of the most significant incidents in modern English history, because the effort of the government was to reverse the principles of the Revolution of '88. Defeat of the popular principle would have been as decisive as in any of the struggles in which Fox was a popular leader. But in these two memorable contests Fox was a Tory. The constant glimpses of George the Third are, we have no doubt, exceedingly faithful. George the Third was a man of narrow and formal mind, but of a definite purpose and an iron will. The course of things was to justify Thiers's phrase that a constitutional king reigns, but does not govern. George the Third opposed the course of things. He resolved to be a king who governed as well as reigned. He surrounded himself with ministers who were his tools, and he bought the Parliament and the Church with patronage and preferment. Mr. Trevelyan shows him as he was. The book is another revelation of the utter demoralization that prevailed in English politics and society a hundred years ago, relieved by the noble figures of Chatham and Burke. Even Wilkes, whom Mr. Gladstone truly calls one of the great champions of English liberty, was made so wholly by circumstances. He was the ugliest man of his time, and used to say that nevertheless with the ladies he was only half an hour behind the handsomest man in England. In the treatment of his wife, however, he was half an hour before the greatest rascal in England. Mr. Trevelyan's work is an addition to English history, and its constant charm is sure to secure for it a great audience in this country. It has been issued by the Harpers in a fine library edition, and also in the "Franklin Square Library."

THE MULE MARKET.

Mr. W. H. Barnum, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, in an address to his party after the Indiana and Ohio disasters, asked this question: "Can the great States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Colorado, Nevada, and New Hampshire be bought, intimidated, and defrauded?" Probably not. But it is a question which any buyer of mules is undoubtedly qualified to answer. As such dealers are supposed to have tried in vain to buy Indiana and Ohio, they would naturally despair of New York and New Hampshire.

Meanwhile it would be interesting to know whether Mr. Barnum thinks that the Indiana Democratic majority of 15,000 of two years ago has been bought up this year. Also, why it is that such a patriotic lover of pure popular government has nothing to say when a Republican vote of some thousands in certain Southern districts is absolutely "wiped out"—not changed, but obliterated.

We agree with Mr. Barnum that the question is the preservation of constitutional government, which is equally threatened by bulldozers and mule buyers.

MR. KELLY'S LITTLE GAME.

Mr. John Kelly, "the Tammany Boss," has put the Democratic party of New York in his pocket. His tactics are perfectly simple. There is a large body of Irish Catholic voters who follow him as clansmen follow a chief. This body is large enough to defeat the Democratic managers if they do not yield to Mr. John Kelly's demands. He holds in his own hands the only possible hope of Democratic success in New York, and with a hand full of trumps he plays his game for his own advantage. That is what he has now done. He has dictated an Irish Catholic local ticket, and the Democratic managers have acquiesced.

This is a free country, and every man may profess what religious faith he will. But being a free country, every voter will decide for himself whether it is best to place the absolute control of the city of New York, with its enormous taxation, exclusively in the hands of members of a Church which holds our common schools to be "godless," and which is naturally unfriendly to popular principles and institutions. The only control which the citizens of New York have retained over their own government is voting upon the candidates which Mr. Kelly and the other players, after shaking up the hat and drawing lots, have decided should be voted for.

Nine years ago the people of New York decided that they had had enough of Tweed. The situation now is somewhat different, but Mr. Kelly's proposal to appropriate the city to the benefit of himself and his henchmen will perhaps suggest to decent American citizens of all nativities and parties and creeds whether the time has not come for crying halt again.

SENATOR EDMUNDS.

Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, has been reelected without opposition for another term. This is an event of national interest, for Mr. Edmunds's long experience, remarkable ability, and special knowledge, his courage, readiness, and judicial temperament, with his sturdy honesty and simplicity, combine to make him an invaluable Senator. There is something essentially American, and American of the best type, in his character and career. He is a very strong party man, without being a party bully. Republicanism represents to him the principles which most certainly promote true national union and greatness, but his good sense and his shrewd humor save him from the absurdities of mere partisanship. Mr. Edmunds is one of the ablest and most thoroughly equipped of the lawyers in the Senate, and an important speech of his is exhaustive of its subject. His speech upon the Electoral Bill, for instance, was clear, comprehensive, conclusive, and when he sat down the argument was complete. Vermont and the country are both to be congratulated upon the presence of such a man in the Senate.

PERSONAL.

Mr. John T. Raymond, the actor, was in early life a member of the typographical profession, that is to say, he was, when a lad, a carrier-boy of the Buffalo *Daily Courier*, and he often alludes pleasantly to the fact that the first money he ever earned was in disseminating that paper to its city subscribers. He is now rich and famous. A few days since, in Nebraska, while acting as Colonel Sellers, in the trial scene, two dogs began to fight in the centre aisle of the theatre, and absorbed the attention of the audience. "I move we suspend proceedings in this court," said Raymond, "and I'll bet a dollar on the white dog." "I'll take you," cried a man in the audience. The white dog won, the dollar was passed across the foot-lights to Mr. Raymond, and the acting of the play was resumed.

—Mr. Henry Irving is said to have been asked to stand for the Rectorship of Glasgow University—an honorary position conferred only upon those who have occupied conspicuous positions in the political or literary life of England. Mr. Irving, to a greater extent perhaps than any actor who has ever graced the English stage, enjoys the intimacy of the highest and most cultivated people in England. Not only with the nobility and gentry, but with men who have won eminence in politics, in literature, in law, in the arts and sciences, in the army and navy, and in the Church, is he a prime personal favorite, and at his own table may be constantly found eminent representatives of all these classes, to whom he dispenses a refined and elegant hospitality.

—Dr. T. Munson Coan has an interesting article in the November number of Harper's Magazine on "Securing a Competence," in which he states that "the average annual income in Great Britain is $165; in the United States, $165; in the Low Countries, $130; in France, $125; in the British Colonies, $90; in Germany, and also in Scandinavia, $85. The annual accumulation of wealth in Germany is 200 millions of dollars; in Great Britain, 325 millions; in France, 375 millions; in the United States, 825 millions! Since 1850 our annual accumulation has been 825 millions of dollars, and therefore each decade adds more to the wealth of the United States than the capital value of Italy or Spain. Every day that the sun rises upon the American people it sees an addition of $2,300,000 to the wealth of the republic." Notwithstanding this rapid and vast accumulation of national capital, there are in France three times as many people who live on their incomes as there are in the United States. We make money faster than any people in the world, and spend it a great deal faster.

—It is reported that the Earl of Beaconsfield is revising his literary productions, and writing a new novel, the title of which is *Endymion*. An *édition de luxe* of his works is to be published next year, and will include, for the first time, the famous "Letters of Runnymede."

—The recent death of Ole Bull has brought out a comical incident that once occurred at a concert he gave many years ago at Washington. In the midst of one of his most exquisite pieces, while every one was listening intently, Felix M. Connell, a droll member of Congress from Alabama, much given to convivial fluids, shouted out, "None of your highfalutin, but give us 'Hail Columbia,' and *bear hard on the treble!*"

—Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., has an article in the November number of *Harper's Magazine*, on "Scientific Common-school Education," that should be carefully read by every teacher in the United States, whether in the common or higher schools, and by every person who has any official position or responsibility in our educational institutions.

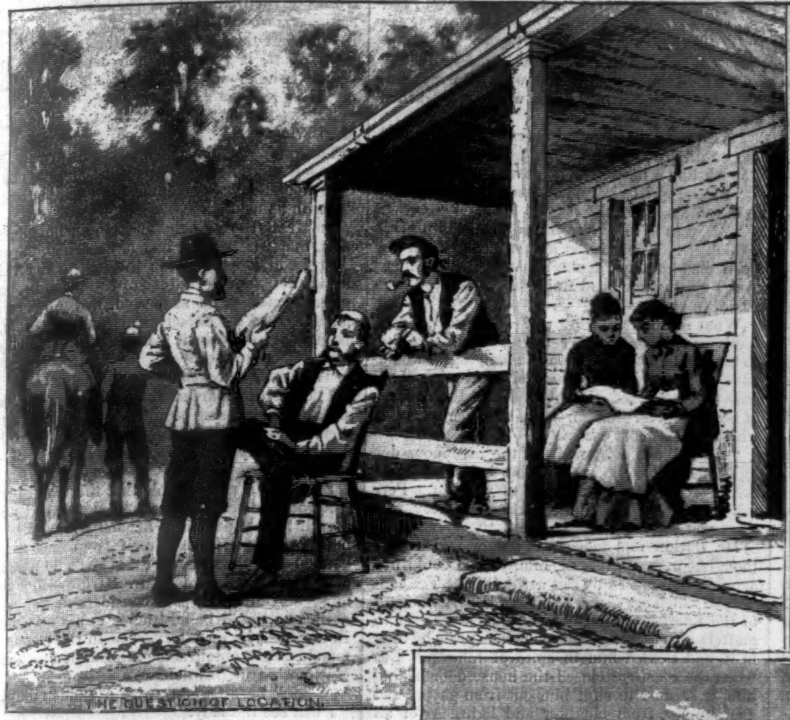
—The *Saturday Review*, which may be regarded as one of the foremost of the purely literary weeklies of England, is edited by Mr. Philip Harwood, whom Mr. John Bright has described as the ablest leader writer whom he had ever met. The assistant editor, who is also its dramatic and art critic, is Mr. Walter Pollock, the grandson of the late Lord Chief Baron. Among the other writers are Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Venables, and Mr. T. C. Sanders. Mr. John Hill Burton and Mr. J. R. Green contribute scholarly articles on historical subjects. The Rev. Malcolm McColl and the Rev. N. H. Oxenham write upon ecclesiastical subjects. Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Gifford Palgrave, Mr. Lathbury, and Mr. Frederick Pollock are also contributors.

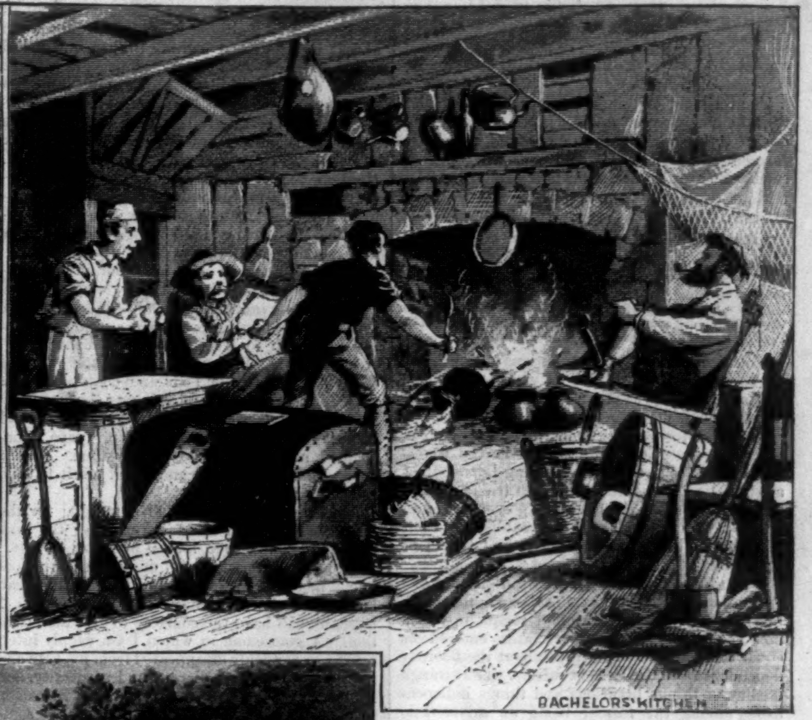
—Lord A. Cecil, a brother of the Marquis of Salisbury, has recently been appointed locomotive superintendent of the Great Eastern Railway of England, after having been in its engineering department for several years. These young patricians are learning to fight their way in the world like ordinary folk. It is only five or six years since young Lord Walter Campbell, a son of the Duke of Argyll, and brother-in-law to the Queen's daughter, was doing regular work as a clerk in the highly respectable and influential firm of Busk & Jevons, of this city, and since his marriage with the daughter of a rich Lancashire manufacturer has joined a firm of prosperous stock-brokers in London. Mr. Jevons comes of a family distinguished in finance, literature, and science. He is a grandson of William Roscoe, of Liverpool, the eminent financier, historian, and poet, who had four sons also distinguished in literature. His brother, William Stanley Jevons, was for some years Professor of Logic and Mental and Moral Philosophy in Owens College, Manchester, and is now Professor of Political Economy in University College, London.

—Mr. J. W. Chadwick, in a capital article in the November number of Harper's Magazine on "Western Massachusetts," gives the following description of Sarah Pierrepont, written by the celebrated Jonathan Edwards: "They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that Great Being who makes and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on Him. She has a singular purity in her affections, is most just and conscientious in all her conduct, and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful if you would give her all this world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful calmness, sweetness, and universal benevolence, especially after this great God has manifested Himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always talking with her." He married this dear girl at seventeen, and of their blessed union, in the second generation, came Aaron Burr!

"CALL YOU *THAT* BACKING OF YOUR FRIENDS? A PLAGUE UPON SUCH A BACKING!"

FALSTAFF (SUPERBUS). "I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened, and beaten too. The devil take one party, and his dam the other. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear."—SHAKSPEARE (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV., Scene V.).


THE QUESTION OF LOCATION.


BACHELORS' KITCHEN

THE NEW RUGBY.

The writer met a portion of the advance guard of migratory Britons a few days since upon a train leaving Cincinnati bound for the Plateau. It consisted of a handsome, well-built man, of about forty-five, formerly a school-teacher, his fresh, rosy-cheeked wife, seven boys, veritable Tom Browns every one, and the grandmother, eighty-seven years old, who gave fine evidence of English endurance by undertaking at this advanced age a journey of four thousand miles by land and sea. What a fine group they made, indeed, at the station, standing by their bundles of wraps and inevitable collection of umbrellas and walking-sticks! How they contrasted with the gaunt, sallow, long-jointed mountaineer who stalked before them!

From the father of so many sons much information was obtained, which may as well be given in his own language: "You see, we are literally crowded out. England has a population more than double that with which she can comfortably get along. If a man loses a situation, it is quite impossible for him to find another. There's my eldest son; he was a capable bank accountant, and was glad to get £80 per year. There are now, no doubt, hundreds of applicants for his place, and that, too, from men of fine education and broad experience. The next younger boy is nineteen. He got seven shillings per week. I could give you plenty of instances where young men of good education and influence are working for half a pound weekly. Men of fifty are almost completely barred out of pursuits on any terms."

"What," the writer asked, "is your opinion of the probability that the great pleasure-grounds of the nobility will revert to agricultural uses?"

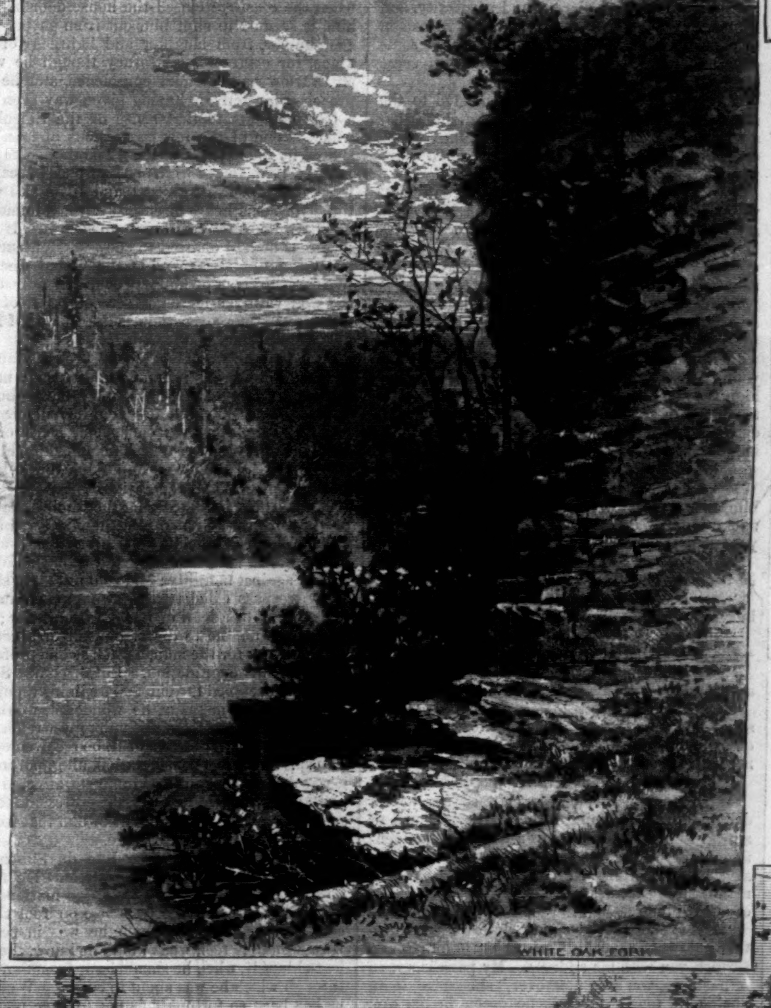
"That relic of feudalism, entailed property, will have to give way before many years, and open these grounds. There is one thing which may hasten that consummation. The parks of the nobility are heavily mortgaged in many cases to money-lenders. It is the great exception for the British farmer to own the land he tills. The rents are something oppressive. I had a farm of 240 acres. The rental was £320—more than equal to the price of good farming land in America. I raised corn and wheat, and sold dairy produce. After all accounts were settled at the end of the last year I had £80 with which to meet the balance of rental due, which amounted to £160. My case was but the repetition of many. Read this letter, which I received this morning from an old neighbor."

"—— ——, County Durham, *24th August*, 1880.

"My dear Sir,—Yours of the 21st has just reached me, and as it is a showery morning, I hasten to reply. Our corn is ready to cut, only it is so damp this morning we can not commence, but I hope we shall be very busy before evening.... I'm much pleased to hear from you again on this side the fish-pond, and do hope the post-office will not be so far away but that you will find time to let me know how far things are meeting your expectations. I have carefully read the book and studied the district, and decidedly think you are on the right track. These virgin soils have been proved to grow continuous corn crops for some years without manure, until you have time to lay up a stock of manure from your own cattle, whereas our farms must be covered with manure of some sort, or else we get a very poor return in the coming crop.

"Then, again, though the situation is isolated and rather rough after leaving the old home and paved streets, etc., yet what's that? Compare the future, and which result is likely to be most preferable? See the old home and comforts gradually slipping away into the pockets of (in my case) vile, ignorant landlords, and if you do not meet them on the day appointed with the rent, receive the comforting words, 'If it is not paid, we shall take steps to recover it.' Then take the isolation and hardships of the first few years, and you will see comforts growing, and you can sit and smoke the pipe of peace, and chuckle at the old landlord, and say, with *Punch*, 'Thank you, my lord; I like living on my own capital much better than letting you live on it.'....

"We have had many talks about foreign lands, but I should mighty well like one more, and were the cash a little more plentiful, would spend a few hours with you yet, but it can not be now; but I will say, and


WHITE OAK FORK

IN AND ABOUT RUGBY—THE ENGLISH COLONY IN TENNESSEE.—From Sketches by Frank H. Taylor.

with a belief that it will be, may I grip your hand over there some day, and be asked to step into your own home, and step out and look at the crops without the usual calculations as to whether it is going to pay the rent! I do not say this at all in jest, because I feel convinced it will be, if health be granted to us both.

"Sincerely, —— ——."

The recipient of this letter expressed his belief that the coming year would witness a grand exodus of the middle classes of England, especially farmers, toward the United States, and, opening a pamphlet, called attention to the following paragraph excerpted from a late speech by Lord Derby:

"Emigration is for a people like ours a natural and even necessary outlet. There are children living who will probably see the United States numbering 200,000,000 inhabitants, and I do not think there is any subject to which the leaders of working-men can more usefully turn their attention than the supplying to those who want it here accurate and trustworthy intelligence as to their chances beyond the Atlantic."

Colonization, under the conditions outlined, has its comic side, the memory of which will amuse the participants, when their novitiate is past, quite as much as it does the looker-on.

Since the foregoing was indited, the writer has visited an outpost of Rugby, set in the woods some six miles away, where a young Londoner of aristocratic blood, assisted by two friends whose stay is but temporary, has taken possession of an abandoned hut and clearing, establishing what Mr. Hughes happily refers to as the "Ranch of the Danites."

One of these incipient agriculturists was discovered in the work of making bread in the wash-bowl from an entirely original recipe, in which flour, baking-powder, and saleratus entered as equal components. Scattered about the floor, or dependent from the ancient rafters, was a strange medley of things luxurious and things indispensable, among the former being an aristocratic poodle, concerning which one of the "Danites" remarked, "We all think this is most jolly, but the dog, you know, and she thinks it's *very low*."

The other occupants of the cabin, clad in the gorgeous remains of polo and lawn-tennis uniforms, had gone forth to seek the vitals of the monarchs of the forest. Perhaps the proudest moment in the lives of these young fellows was realized at the fall of their first big tree.

We found them surrounded by their victims upon the brow of a hill giving a far-away outlook toward the mountains, making a clearing for a house just where a single old pine lifts its gnarled branches far above its surroundings, and we venture to hope that in coming years the rearing of "Lone Pine Cottage" may be remembered with no attendant regret of subsequent failure.

This colonization experiment will be watched with more than ordinary interest, and for more than one reason. Firstly, because it will induce, if successful, a most desirable class of settlers. Secondly, because it will introduce a new element of vitality into the South, opening up new lands, and doing more toward regeneration of the region than all the legislation of the past fifteen years; and lastly, that it is a practical admission, by men whose judgment every Briton respects, of the superiority of the United States as a place of residence over Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, or Canada.

The citizens of Tennessee have been quick in appreciating the compliment paid their State in the selection of a site for the new colony. Upon the arrival of Mr. Hughes at Rugby, after his recent trip to Philadelphia, he found a telegram awaiting him, tendering the hospitality of the cities of Chattanooga and Knoxville. Upon his acceptance of the invitations a special train was dispatched to Robbins Station—the point upon the Cincinnati Southern Railway nearest the colony—bringing a committee of prominent residents of the former city, and the guest, accompanied by several of his countrymen and the writer, was speedily conveyed southward. The day following was devoted to a visit to Lookout Mountain, where prominent participants upon both the Union and Confederate sides explained the battles which have made this mountain famous.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MAKING INQUIRIES.

It is often stated by those who are good linguists, I scarcely know whether for the comfort of those to whom not only "the French of Paris is unknown," but even "that of Stratford atte Bowe," or for their disappointment and distraction, that "everybody in Paris speaks English." Or, if they shrink from telling a falsehood of that enormous magnitude, they will nevertheless confidently assert that there are plenty of people who understand English in the queen of cities, "wherever you go," and that in the hotels and shops at all events "you will be quite at home." They do not hint that the conversation of the poor islander during his stay on the Continent must necessarily be of the parrot and phrase-book kind, and that the best chance he will have of that interchange of ideas which is to "open the mind" so much will be with a waiter. Even with the waiters, however, poor Mr. Barlow did not find himself on a very intelligible footing, while his intercourse with the shop-keepers was like the first rehearsal of a pantomime, in which he had always to sustain the part of Pantaloon. The Rue de Bris he discovered, like a navigator, by means of a chart; but M. Monteur might have been M. Tonson, so difficult he found it to ascertain that gentleman's place of residence. He looked, of course, for a shop, never imagining that the place he sought was a hôtel with a court-yard resembling a small edition of the Admiralty, in Whitehall; and when at last he had made his way thither, and found the proprietor—an ancient personage, in a black velvet skull-cap, full of antics, and hung on springs, in a parlor at the back of his premises—he was not certain in his own mind whether he stood in the presence of a diamond merchant or a monkey. Upon the whole, indeed, since M. Monteur received him with native politeness—that is, with a profusion of shrugs and jabber—he rather leaned to the latter view. As soon, however, as Mr. Barlow made his new acquaintance understand that he was an Englishman, "Ha, ha; ma fille shall come," cried monsieur, in an ecstasy; and on pulling the bell and giving some orders to the servant, a young lady—indeed, a mere school-girl—but of prepossessing appearance, presented herself to Mr. Barlow's astonished view. It appeared M. Monteur had a daughter who had resided in the Isle of Fogs and could speak its tongue like a native; and this was she.

After a few words of explanation from the old man, "You have beezness with my papa, monsieur?" said she, in a sprightly tone. "Vaar good; you tell it to me, and I will tell it to him. Fire away."

Mr. Barlow stared, as well he might; for the young lady, though obviously enjoying the task that had been set her, looked perfectly serious.

"I have ventured to call upon Monsieur Monteur," he said, "in respect to a matter which can hardly be called a business one, but to which, I hope, he will have the courtesy to give his attention. A gentleman in whom I am deeply interested has suddenly disappeared from his wife and family, to their great distress and perplexity, and I am come to Paris to find him. I have reason to believe that he called upon your father some days ago with respect to the purchase of some diamonds."

This statement having been translated to the merchant, he replied, through his daughter, that a countryman of Mr. Barlow's had, indeed, called upon him in the preceding week, but upon a private matter.

"Not if he knows it," said the young lady (but with a sweetly apologetic air, as though she had said, "Deeply as he regrets to refuse you"), "will my father geef you any information about the matter, unless you show some authority for demanding it."

At this Mr. Barlow was a good deal cast down, and his face showed it.

"Are you a relative of his who has quarrelled with him for cutting his stick?" inquired the young lady, tenderly. She had cheek-bones so high that one really could not look over them to the extent of calling her a beauty, but she had soft eyes and a gentle voice; and if it were not for her inexplicable indulgence in slang Mr. Barlow would have pronounced her essentially feminine. When French people spoke French they puzzled him, but the way in which this young woman spoke English amazed and even alarmed him beyond expression.

"I am not a relative of the person in question," he began.

"Name of Butt," she put in with quickness but great gravity.

"Just so; but it is possible—I hope probable—that I may become connected with him."

"Ah" (lighting up with sudden vivacity), "you are going to marry his sister. Have you popped?"

This was worse than all; it seemed a positive sacrilege to Mr. Barlow to have his lost love spoken of in this flippant fashion; but then it was so necessary to secure this young person's sympathy.

"Yes, mademoiselle, I have—popped."

Whereupon mademoiselle clapped her hands delightedly, and turning to her father, seemed to appeal to him in Mr. Barlow's favor. That gentleman, of course, did not understand what she said, but he afterward compared her winning manner and caresses and flow of words to a rain of sugar-plums.

"My father says you must describe your brother-in-law that is to be," said she, "before he can furnish you with his address. My papa is a man of business, you see; moreover," she added, in an apologetic tone, "there is no green in his eye. He is a young man from the country, but you can not get over *him*."

"Indeed, my dear young lady, I do not wish to get over him," protested Mr. Barlow. "My brother-in-law is a man about my own height; rather more stoutly built."

"Eh? Ah, I understand; but I have seen him. Yes, he is stumpy, podgy."

"He has short brown hair, and his face is grave."

"Yes; that is right—a heavy spirit; or, as you say in England, down upon his luck. He looks as if he had lost sixpence."

"He has lost more than that," sighed Mr. Barlow. "If M. Monteur has still a doubt as to my personal knowledge of this gentleman, I think I can state the nature of the business about which he came. He wished to dispose of certain diamonds—like these." And he produced the drawing of the Pargiter *parure* which he had obtained from Mr. Brail.

The merchant took the drawing and examined it with curiosity. "Yes, that is right," he said in French; "we might have done business together, this gentleman and I, only I required certain explanations which were refused me. From what you tell me, my darling, it is probable that they were his wife's jewels, to which he had no right. She must have been very wealthy. Well, well, I have sufficiently respected his desire for secrecy. Our visitor, it seems, has a right to what he asks. The gentleman's address was Hôtel de la Fontaine, Rue du Simon."

"You are most kind, mademoiselle," said Barlow, gratefully, when this news had been translated to him. "You have made easy what would otherwise have been very difficult."

"Do not mention it, sir," returned she, gracefully. "And do keep up your courage. Look less like a duck in a thunder-storm, and never say die while there's a shot in the locker."

"Your advice is admirable, mademoiselle," said Mr. Barlow; then added, with an irrepressible curiosity, "but may I ask where you learned your English?"

"Yes, yes; that is what every one says," cried she, exultingly, "'Where did I learn my English?' I speak like a native; is it not so?"

"Indeed you do, mademoiselle; more so, indeed, than most natives."

"Ah, that is thanks to my two cousins at Rugby College. They taught me the idioms all in the Christmas holidays, at the house of their mother. Yes, I speak vaar good English. Right you are. I believe you, my boy."

What could Mr. Barlow do? She was so perfectly unconscious of her linguistic defects, and so blissful in her possession of them, that it would have been a cruelty to undeceive her; he could only take her hand—having received the politest of bows from M. Monteur—and wish her good-by, which he did most cordially.

"Ta, ta," she said, with all the ingenuous delight of a child who is exhibiting its accomplishments—"ta, ta, and take care of yourself. Permit me to jerk the tinkler, and the slavey will show you the way out."

Mr. Barlow was deficient in humor, and serious thoughts were oppressing him, yet he could not avoid being amused by this artless girl. The confidence which her father exhibited in her command of the English tongue, extending as it did even to matters of business, and the obvious pride he took in it, had tickled him in spite of himself. But when the *concierge* closed the house door behind him, it seemed to shut him out from gayety and good-humor, from laughter and lightness of all kinds, for evermore. Attorney though he was, Mr. Barlow had a tender conscience, and he reproached himself for having given way even for a few moments to that sense of the ridiculous which is one of the few possessions of man unshared by the lower animals. The tidings he had just received, and of which he had been in search, were, indeed, full of gloom; and if he had ventured for some hours to entertain the glimmer of a certain hope, they had extinguished it. It was true that he had omitted to show M. Monteur the photograph of Matthew, but the verbal description he had given of him had evidently tallied but too well with the merchant's recollection of the man, whom, moreover, the assumed name of Butt identified beyond doubt with Helston.

And now he was about to be brought face to face with him in his infamy and disgrace; not to know the worst—for the worst he knew—but to awaken, if possible, in one whom he had once believed to be without reproach, some sense of his own ignominy, and to suggest, not amendment and repentance, for they were impossible, but a tardy and probably partial reparation.

It was curious, considering the whole situation, how much he thought of Matthew *per se*, and of the ruin he had brought upon himself as well as upon others. He had broken the law; he had sinned against morality; and committed, in short, every trespass calculated to awaken indignation in the mind of a man of Barlow's character; and yet he was unable to divest himself of a certain yearning pity for the man, as well as of a profound regret for his degradation. But of course Sabey and Amy occupied the chief share in his thoughts. What kind of message, he wondered, would he have to give them from this unhappy wretch, and how would he, the bearer of it, be received on his return? This last consideration, all-important as it was as respected his own interests, affected him, perhaps, just now the least. The Present loomed so large and gloomily in front of him that for the moment it shut out the Future.

He took a *fiacre* to the Rue du Simon, but alighted at the corner of the street. He felt a strange disinclination to precipitate matters, and preferred to pass house by house on foot till he came to the hotel of which he was in search. How would he feel, what would he know, thought he to himself, when he should issue from that door through which he was about to enter? Which of us has been so fortunate as not to have pictured to himself the like, and have imagined what the state of our mind will be to-morrow, or the next hour, or the next minute, after some important and perhaps painful ordeal? Have we not ourselves stood outside our mistress's door, or our creditor's, or that of some other petty Providence of our fate, with similar feelings? Ay, and but too often with the same sad forebodings (God help us all!) that, whatsoever change may be in store for us, it can hardly be for the better.

It was positively with some sense of relief, though Mr. Barlow had undertaken his journey for no other object than that which seemed to lie immediately before him, that he reflected that Matthew might not be at the Hôtel de la Fontaine after all. When the reward for his apprehension had been made public, was it not probable that he had changed the address given to the diamond merchant, and betaken himself to safer quarters? For though he could not be identified by means of the name he had assumed, he might be so by the jewels themselves.

The Hôtel de la Fontaine was one of considerable pretensions, and it struck Mr. Barlow's practical mind that if Matthew Helston had resided there ever since his coming to Paris, one at least of the Pargiter diamonds must have been disposed of to defray his expenses. That he should have chosen so ambitious a place of residence at all was utterly inconsistent with his old habits of economy, but why should they have remained to him when every other rule of his life had been negatived and overturned?

The court-yard of the inn was open to the street, and over the left hand of the gate was the porter's lodge, to which Mr. Barlow at last advanced with a determined step, and inquired for Mr. Butt. There was a board in the lodge containing the names of the occupants of the hôtel, with a star against those who had passed the gate that morning and left their names with the *concierge*.

Mr. Butt, it appeared, had done so, for that official (who could speak English) replied that monsieur was not within.

"Do you know when he will return?" inquired Mr. Barlow.

The *concierge* did not know. As a rule, Mr. Butt left the hôtel after breakfast and did not return till mid-day. "Madame, however," he added, "was in as usual."

To Mr. Barlow, albeit far from an imaginative man, that "as usual" had a great significance. He read in it—that is, in the fact of her being usually left alone—a story of satiety and repentance. Matthew, he suspected, had already become tired of the object of his guilty passion, or had failed to find in it a Lethe balm against the stings of conscience.

"Did monsieur wish to see madame?"

The question startled him not a little, for among all the embarrassing positions that had presented themselves to his apprehension he had certainly never contemplated a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Phœbe Mayson.

Still, was it not possible that there had been a reciprocity of disillusion? That the girl might herself have repented of her bargain, and be not indisposed to release herself from such ties as bound her to the runaway? If he could persuade her so to do, it struck Mr. Barlow—though, it must be confessed, with considerable vagueness—that he would be advancing Sabey's interests. In any case, by an interview with this young woman he might obtain some information respecting Matthew's true position.

"Yes," he answered, with a sudden impulse, "I will see the lady."

Whereupon a waiter was summoned, who conducted him to Mr. Butt's apartments, which were on the third floor.

[to be continued.]

FONTAINEBLEAU FOREST.

The palace of Fontainebleau, and its formal gardens, and trees trimmed and clipped after the fashion of Le Nôtre, are familiar enough to the Parisian tourist, in whose programme a visit to the town is generally included. Less familiar is the forest. A day's excursion from Paris does not allow of time to see its beauties, neither are its most attractive portions at all near the town of Fontainebleau. Long dusty avenues radiate thence on all sides. It can be reached by carriage, or by wading ankle-deep through the fine white sand that is the distinctive feature of the place; but it is not immediately about it, and those who want to explore the forest and take the town as their starting-point will each time have a weary road to traverse. The forest repays and deserves a visit to itself alone; and those who love a fine dry air, stimulating, though soft, and those who love trees and solitude, and that delightful feeling of vastness and freedom that is afforded by a large sweep of uninhabited land, can not do better than turn to this sylvan retreat. It is so easy of access—little more than an hour by rail from Paris; moreover, so beautiful and so diversified in its beauty. A week will not exhaust its chief points of interest; a month will not be ill spent in its shades; a year, allowing for all changes of effects and seasons, would not be regretted.

The man to whom the tourist is indebted for making the forest so agreeable a place to visit, saving him the tedium of a guide, and making him as independent as though he were an old resident, was one Denecourt, or the "Sylvanus of the forest," as he grew to be affectionately called by the people of Fontainebleau, because, like this woodland divinity, he came to preside over their plantations and forest. He was a character, this man, an oddity, an enthusiast, and yet withal a highly practical person, as it proved; and that Fontainebleau is now accessible to tourists is mainly, if not wholly, owing to him. It was he who intersected it with paths, systematized it, mapped it; he who revealed to the rangers themselves the beauty hidden in their domain. Born in 1788, the eldest of eleven children whose parents were poor vintners, he naturally received no education. He taught himself to read, however, out of his mother's prayer-book and a collection of fairy tales that he found behind a trunk. But the book from which he learned most was the great book spread out before him, around his home in the Vosges; and until his twentieth year he earned a scant livelihood by conducting travellers, and revealing to them the beauties of the mountains. It was the time when France was fevered with military glory. Young Denecourt wished to join the army; his short stature made him ineligible, but his persistence triumphed. He entered the line, and assisted in the Austrian and Spanish campaigns. He was a devoted follower of Napoleon I., and when the latter returned from Elba sacrificed his future prospects on his behalf. He was wounded; he obtained a small government post, and was deposed. He suffered many hardships and vicissitudes; and at last, broken, imbittered, he settled at Fontainebleau with a view to end his days. He thought these solitudes would prove his tomb; they proved his remedy. "This picturesque nature," he wrote, "was not long before it captivated me, and consoled me for my lost illusions. One is so happy among these peaceful deserts, among these giant trees, and rocks as old as the world. One finds here peace, happiness, health." All the fervor of Denecourt's enthusiasm was now directed to the forest; he explored every inch of it, turning from the few beaten tracks that traversed it and scrambled among its rocks and thickets. When he discovered a fine tree, a curious site, he noted it, and, marking out an Indian trail for himself, was able to find it again. No obstacles withheld him; day and night he roamed among the

woods, often not returning to his home for days together. At last he grew to know every tree of beauty, every strange freak that Nature had played among the rocks; knew, too, where the flowers bloomed earliest and best, where the wild boar had his lair, the deer his covert, the viper its nest. And being no egotist, but one who loved his fellow-men, he came to regret that these beauties should remain unknown to them. But he knew also that they would not press through such obstacles as did not withhold him, and he conceived the idea of making little foot-paths to lead to these special spots. At his own risk, often solely by his own labor, without asking permission from the authorities, he began to make a number of these paths. Then, as these succeeded, he grew more ambitious, and planned others, dividing the forest into districts, which he named on sign-posts. It was ten years before rumors of his doings reached the ears of those in command. They interrogated him, censured him, forbade him. To no avail. To make his beloved forest known, accessible, had become the last passion of his life. Gradually he disarmed even the authorities by his disinterested enthusiasm. After a time they suffered him to proceed unmolested; after a yet longer time they even assisted his labors. But the main part of the work was done by Denecourt alone, at his own expense, and he sank in it his fortune, *i. e.*, his savings of twenty years. He cleared thus 150 kilometers of road, and planned at least twenty different walks. Favorite sites or trees were named after favorite heroes; he branded each notable object with a blue or red star; he painted blue arrows upon the trees or rocks to indicate the route that should be followed. At last, at public request, he issued a map and guide-book of his forest topography. His fellow-townsmen regarded him as a lunatic; they despised him, laughed at him; and yet it was this man who considerably enhanced their gains, for visitors to the forest much increased now that they could do more than drive upon the one or two beaten, bad, and sandy roads that had until then intersected it. The artists too were angry with him at first; they resented the revealing of their solitudes. But even they were pacified in time, even they came to find that they owed him gratitude; for he had disclosed to them lovely bits till then unsuspected by the most enterprising. It was a revelation of what the forest really offered; and all was due to the ardent passion of one little fragile man, whom many had encountered in their wanderings, who was disregarded by all, known to few. Late in life his disinterested devotion was recognized by a public testimonial, and when he died the town of Fontainebleau did him all honor.

KLEPTOMANIACS.

AMONG the various kinds of insanity which are pleaded in courts of justice as an excuse for the commission of crimes is that irresistible propensity to pocket articles, or, more correctly, to steal, which has been elegantly denominated kleptomania. According to authentic testimony, this mental disease is far more prevalent than is generally supposed, and the recorded instances of various kinds and degrees of such are both numerous and peculiar.

With regard to the intensity of the disposition to commit thefts, this is often so great as to become incurable. A case is related of a man who would not eat unless his food was stolen; in consequence of which his attendant humored him by placing his food in a corner, where it appeared hidden, but could easily be, so to speak, purloined. A lady was affected with this monomania so strongly that upon her trial for theft she stated that she had such a mad longing to possess herself of everything she saw that if she were at church she could not refrain from stealing from the altar. A famous physician informs us that a woman who was exemplary in her obedience to the moral law except the eighth commandment was so addicted to larceny that, when she could take nothing more valuable, she would often at the table of a friend secretly fill her pockets with bread. Lavater states that a doctor of medicine could not leave his patients' rooms without taking something away unobserved; and his wife searched his pockets, and returned to their owners the knives, thimbles, scissors, etc., which her husband had abstracted. The wife of another physician had so strong a propensity to steal that on making purchases she endeavored to take something away that did not belong to her; and two German countesses appear to have been guilty of the same vice. The almoner of a regiment of Prussian cuirassiers, a well-educated man, frequently on parade stole the handkerchiefs of the officers; and one unfortunate man was so far under the influence of kleptomania that, being nigh unto death, he actually secreted the snuff-box of his confessor!

We knew a parish clergyman, says *Chambers's Journal*, who stole every article he could lay his hands on. If out at dinner, he pocketed scraps of bread, table napkins, or anything. When lodging at hotels he carried off pieces of soap and the ends of candles from his bedroom. His larcenies became so notorious that he was ultimately brought before the Church courts, and turned out of his living. The London *Times*, a few years ago, in commenting upon the subject of a lady kleptomaniac being prosecuted for stealing cambric handkerchiefs in a draper's shop, stated that "every one who is acquainted with London society could at once furnish a dozen names of ladies who have been notorious for abstracting articles of trifling value from the shops where they habitually dealt. Their *modus operandi* was so well known that on their return from their drives their relatives took care to ascertain the nature of their paltry peculations, inquired from the coachman the houses at which he had been ordered to stop, and, as a matter of course, re-imbursed the tradesmen to the full value of the pilfered goods. In other cases a hint was given to the various shop-keepers at whose establishments these monomaniacs made their purchases, and they were simply forewarned to notice what was taken away, and to furnish the bill, which was paid for as soon as furnished, and as a matter of course by the pilferer herself, without any feeling of shame or emotion of any kind." It is also stated in the *Quarterly Review* in 1856, in an article upon the Metropolitan Police, that "the extent of pilfering carried on even by ladies of rank and position is very great; there are persons possessing a mania of this kind so well known among the shop-keeping community that their addresses and descriptions are passed from hand to hand for mutual security. The attendants allow them to secrete what they like without seeming to observe them, and afterward send a bill with the prices of the goods purloined to their houses."

Abnormal conformations of the head accompanied with an imbecile understanding are often the cause of kleptomania. Gall and Spurzheim saw in Bern prison a boy twelve years old, who is described as "ill organized and rickety," who could never avoid stealing. An ex-commissary of police at Toulouse was condemned to eight years' imprisonment and hard labor and to the pillory for having stolen some plate while in office. He did not deny the crime, but persisted to the last in a singular kind of defense. He attributed the crime to a mental derangement caused by wounds he had received at Marseilles in 1815. Another case is related of a young man who, after being severely wounded in the temple, for which he was trepanned, manifested an unconquerable propensity for theft, which was quite against his natural disposition. He was imprisoned for larceny after having committed several robberies, and had not medical testimony been produced to show that he was insane, and which attributed his kleptomania to a disorder of the brain, he would have been punished according to law.

IN A BELGIAN PRISON.

SOLITARY imprisonment is in Belgium the unvarying rule for all convicted offenders who are mentally and physically sound. Short terms are endured in one or other of the many compact and well-planned *maisons d'arrêt* throughout the country; but for the longer periods, varying from three and four to six, seven, eight, and even ten years, the Maison Centrale of Louvain is that set aside. Let us follow the condemned criminal into his living tomb. The steps taken on reception are much the same as elsewhere. His name is entered upon the books, he declares his religious belief, he hands over his private property, he is bathed, his hair and beard are cut close, he is clothed in the gray cloth prison dress, and conducted to the cell which will constitute his home for so many dreary years to come.

At first he is left to his own reflections; permission to work is only conceded when he himself petitions for it. This soon comes to pass, for a nervous, feverish eagerness for employment is a marked characteristic in the solitary prisoner. It is even alleged that most of the suicides which have happened have been early upon Monday morning, and following the long Sunday's idleness, which seemingly greatly aggravates depression of spirits. From the moment he has entered his cell he has been studied psychologically by his custodians. Director, priest, school-master, *contre-maître*, and trade instructor—all these have visited him, and have endeavored to become thoroughly acquainted with his character. These officials will now be his sole companions and friends. At intervals of every two months he will be permitted to converse with his relatives if they choose to visit him, but only in the *parloir*, or visiting cell, and in the presence of a warder. Intercourse with his comrade felons is absolutely denied him. When he issues from his cell, whether to shuffle over the smooth corridor in his list slippers to his private box in the prison chapel, or to clatter down the passage in his wooden-soled sabots to the exercising yard, he invariably covers his head with his *capuchon*, or mask—a hideous contrivance in blue cotton with holes, through which his eyes glitter balefully. Communication by word or sign is rigorously forbidden, and is nearly impossible. At exercise each prisoner has a high-walled segment of a circle all to himself, one of several radiating from a common centre, in which stands a watchful warder. As the prisoner ranges slowly up and down it he might, but for the pipe he is smoking, be mistaken for some caged wild beast. Tobacco to smoke at exercise, or take as snuff in the cell, is one of the few luxuries greatly coveted and deeply appreciated at Louvain. Fresh air and exercise are limited to strict requirements; the rest of the day is passed by every prisoner in assiduous toil in his own private retreat. There is but little tendency to idleness or misconduct, yet "reports" are frequent, and for the slightest infraction of the rules. Absolute submission of will, the surrender of all volition, of all independence, is scrupulously exacted, but it is generally accomplished without the infliction of frequent punishments. Nor are these of a penal character; handcuffs, irons of all kinds, dark cells, strait-jackets, have no place among Belgian disciplinary restraints. Reduction of diet, bread-and-water fare, the loss of privileges, of wages earned toward the purchase of better articles of food at the canteen—these are sufficient to keep Belgian prisoners well-behaved. Indeed, but for the one terrible infliction of continuous cellular separation, the rule is essentially mild. The warders are on friendly, almost familiar, terms with their captives. "How goes it?" is the morning greeting. "Have you all you require? Do not hesitate to speak if we can do anything for you." The poor prisoner thus cheerily addressed will look up mournfully and merely shake his head. He can not be very difficult to manage. All opposition, all obstinacy, is pretty well crushed out of him. You enter the cell of a notorious malefactor, a quintuple murderer, one of whose victims was his own brother, whom he robbed, then poisoned, and you find a quiet, gentle creature, with shy manners and downcast eyes, who can hardly be prevailed upon to speak. The only life and movement seemingly left in him is in the nervous twitching of his hands—white, attenuated, but supple hands, which have dropped the needle he was so dexterously plying upon a pair of gray uniform overalls. This man has been about eight years in a cell. Next door is another, a soldier, an artillery-man, who murdered his wife and cut her up into small pieces. He is equally quiet, but when spoken to will converse freely enough. He has been four years in this cell, and has apparently suffered no evil effects. Further on is another interesting case. A murderer who, having completed a long term of solitary imprisonment, was removed to Ghent, and permitted to associate with others like him, presently had a murderous affray with one of them, and killed his man. He was relegated again to separate confinement, and professes to prefer it greatly. He will tell you that he is now safe from the interference of others, that he can pray when he pleases, that if he is out of temper he can not give his evil passions play, as he has done once too often already. He is very garrulous, and in this, as in his feeble manner and his somewhat wandering eye, betrays that he is perhaps a little weak in his mind. The impression is strengthened by the permission accorded to him, seemingly, to amuse himself as best he can. He has a number of toys in his cell; clocks made of bits of card-board, affixed to the wall near the window, and long pendulums which the wind turns. There is immense ingenuity displayed by prisoners in the construction of these childish playthings. One cell, occupied by a soldier who attempted to murder an officer of the Corps de Discipline to which he was attached, is full of them. There are cages each containing a paper bird, a steam-engine, a miniature theatre with a stage on which stand a lot of figures, windmills, water-mills—all manufactured from bits of paper and scraps of wood and refuse of various sorts. The inventor and maker of these curious machines, a small, active man, who talks rapidly and vociferates much, is extremely proud of his show. He turns one or two handles, and sets everything going: the wheels revolve, the engine moves, the birds wag their heads, the actors dance, and real water is poured out by the numerous spouts of the mills. These relaxations are harmless enough in themselves, but their concession proves that in some cases at least they are necessary. The prisoner thus humored may still be far from mental alienation, but he can hardly be considered of vigorous intellect. Whether he will still further deteriorate, in what number of cases idiotcy or lunacy supervenes, are questions we naturally ask, and to which the Belgian authorities, by the production of well-authenticated figures, can alone furnish the reply.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SEVERAL noticeable changes were made in the Metropolitan Museum of Art during the short time it was closed to the public. The southwest basement room has been fitted up for a library, and some very valuable works have been donated to it. Nineteen cases in the main hall are filled with new and interesting articles. One of the two picture-galleries on the west contains the Gifford Memorial Collection, and the other over one hundred and forty pictures of the loan collection, a large proportion of which are new to the Museum. A loan collection of the old masters is placed in the extreme eastern picture-gallery. At the suggestion of General Cesnola the admission fee on pay days has been reduced from fifty to twenty-five cents. Another new arrangement is the charge of two cents for each check given for canes and umbrellas. This at first thought may seem a small matter, but when it is remembered that the number of visitors at the Museum during the six months ending September 30 was 779,402, and that it is necessary to employ and pay several men to check these articles, the propriety of this system, at least until the Museum has a more abundant fund, is apparent. It is said that many people who visit the Museum labor under the misapprehension that connected with it is a restaurant, and even a *bar*, and others want to eat their lunch in the picture-galleries. Time and a dissemination of information will cure these evils.

Public notice has been given by the Commissioner of Public Works in this city that the extraordinary drought of the present season, far exceeding any other since the construction of the Croton Aqueduct, makes it necessary that the strictest economy in the use of water should be observed until relief comes by a sufficient rain-fall in the Croton Basin.

The verdict of the jury that has been investigating the recent terrible railroad accident at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was guilty of criminal negligence in several particulars, a due attention to which might have prevented the catastrophe.

There was a Republican parade in a certain Connecticut town a week or two ago. As the procession drew near one house it was noticed that it was dark; but before the head of the column fairly reached it, a woman appeared with a lamp in her hand, which she resolutely planted on the gate-post, and held it there while the torch-bearers passed. Nor was she content with this silent demonstration, but invoking a blessing on the Republicans, whom she averred were on the "right side," she declared that she, her son, and her daughter were Republicans, but that her husband, being a Democrat, had extinguished the lights with which they had illuminated the house. "But he sha'n't put this one out," she said, grasping still more firmly the lamp she held in her hand.

Bowdoin College has lately received a gift of $40,000 from Henry Winkley, to establish a Professorship of Latin Language and Literature. Also a donation of $50,000, to be appropriated to the foundation of a Professorship of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy; and $20,000 for the purpose of completing the Memorial Hall. The latter donations are both from Mrs. Valeria G. Stone.

Reports have been received that the Indian chief Victoria has been killed, and most of his band either killed or captured by Mexican troops.

The steamer *Alpena*, of the Goodrich Line, which for years has plied between Chicago and various ports on Lake Michigan, was lost in the recent severe storms, and not a survivor was left to tell the tale. Portions of the wreck have come ashore, and one body at least has been recovered and recognized. No exact list of passengers was kept, but it is estimated that the whole number lost can not be far short of eighty.

A grand Opera Musical Festival is announced to take place at the Cincinnati College of Music on February 21 to 26 inclusive. Her Majesty's Opera Company unite with the College in giving these entertainments, which are promised to be on a scale of unparalleled magnificence. The orchestra will consist of one hundred musicians, and the mass chorus from Cincinnati of three hundred voices. The most distinguished singers in opera will appear, and the prices of admission are so low as to place the festival within the reach of the masses of the people. The operas to be performed are *Lohengrin*, *Moses in Egypt*, *Fidelio*, *Mefistofile*, and the *Magic Flute*.

Snow-drifts twelve feet deep in October seem most remarkable, but such was the reported condition of things in parts of Dakota and Minnesota after the late severe storms.

It is generally of little use to inveigh against evils which attract the young, unless some pleasant and innocent substitute is presented which may win attention from them. Mr. P. T. Barnum has offered to give $1000 toward a reading and amusement room in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where young men may find more wholesome pleasure than that offered in saloons.

Malarial diseases are reported to be unusually prevalent in this city. The extraordinary drought of this season may have something to do with this condition of things, but the uncleanly state of the city is undoubtedly the direct cause of much of the sickness which prevails.

A while ago Mr. Moody suggested that farmers should distribute their extra apples among the poor. Many farmers, in this year of plenty, have done so; might not others also adopt the suggestion?

The seventy-first annual meeting of the American Board, held at Lowell, Massachusetts, was perhaps more largely attended than any previous anniversary of the society. The most cordial and abundant provision for the entertainment of the guests was made by the people of Lowell, and the general arrangements were pleasant and systematic. "Hospitality without grudging" was shown to over three thousand guests.

The translation of the Scriptures into the Zulu language approaches completion.—Forty years ago there were three converts to Christianity in China; now there are fifteen thousand.—More than three thousand Hindoo girls are receiving a Christian education.—In Erzeroum the average amount given by each man, woman, and child in the Church is fifteen dollars a year. —Thirteen million pages of Christian literature were scattered in Turkey last year.—The above are a few of the facts about missions which were mentioned at the meeting of the American Board.

A terrible tale has been brought from the arctic regions by the revenue-cutter *Corwin*—that at St. Lawrence Island, in the Behring Sea, 500 out of the 700 inhabitants were found dead from starvation. This tragedy is believed to have been largely the result of liquor which had been supplied to the natives by traders, the use of which caused them to neglect storing up their usual supply of provisions.

An old Maine farmer has reasoned out the cause of the Kennebec River being lower this year than it was ever known before: it is because so much ice was taken out of the river last winter!

Twelve public rehearsals and six concerts will be given by the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society during the coming season. The first rehearsal will be on November 5, and the first concert on November 20.

Within the past six years several free circulating libraries have been established in Japan. The largest of these, which is in the Confucian Temple at Tokio, contains 63,840 volumes of Chinese and Japanese works, 5162 of English, and between eight and nine thousand volumes in other European languages.

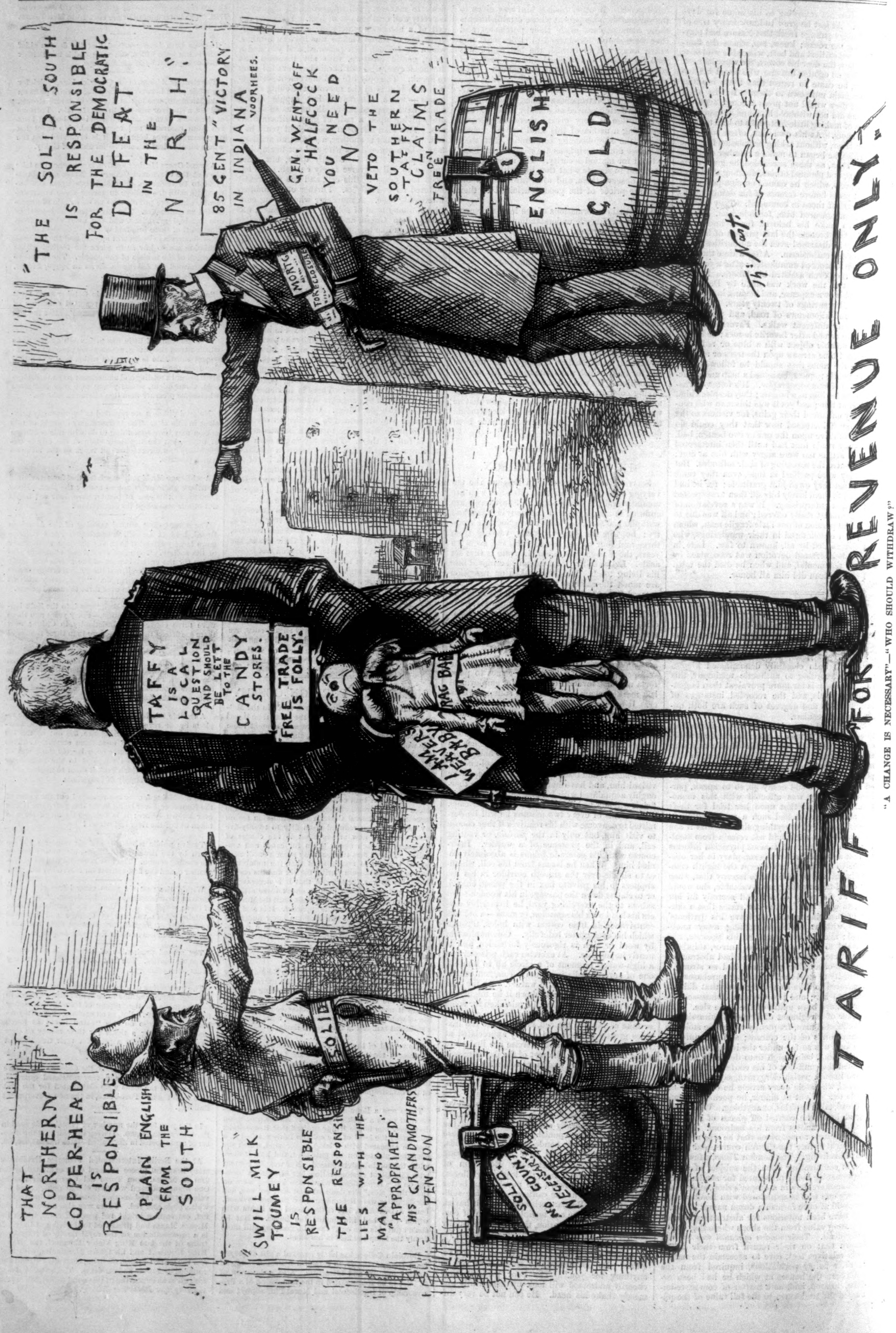
The annual production of kerosene is now about 15,000,000 barrels. The first oil well was sunk nearly twenty-one years ago.

The transaction of lottery business by mail is illegal, although some continue to be venturesome enough to use the mails for the purpose of transmitting money for lottery tickets. But, as an exchange very truly remarks, those who do this "stand about as much chance of getting a ticket for their money as they used to do of getting a prize for their ticket"—and that is very little.

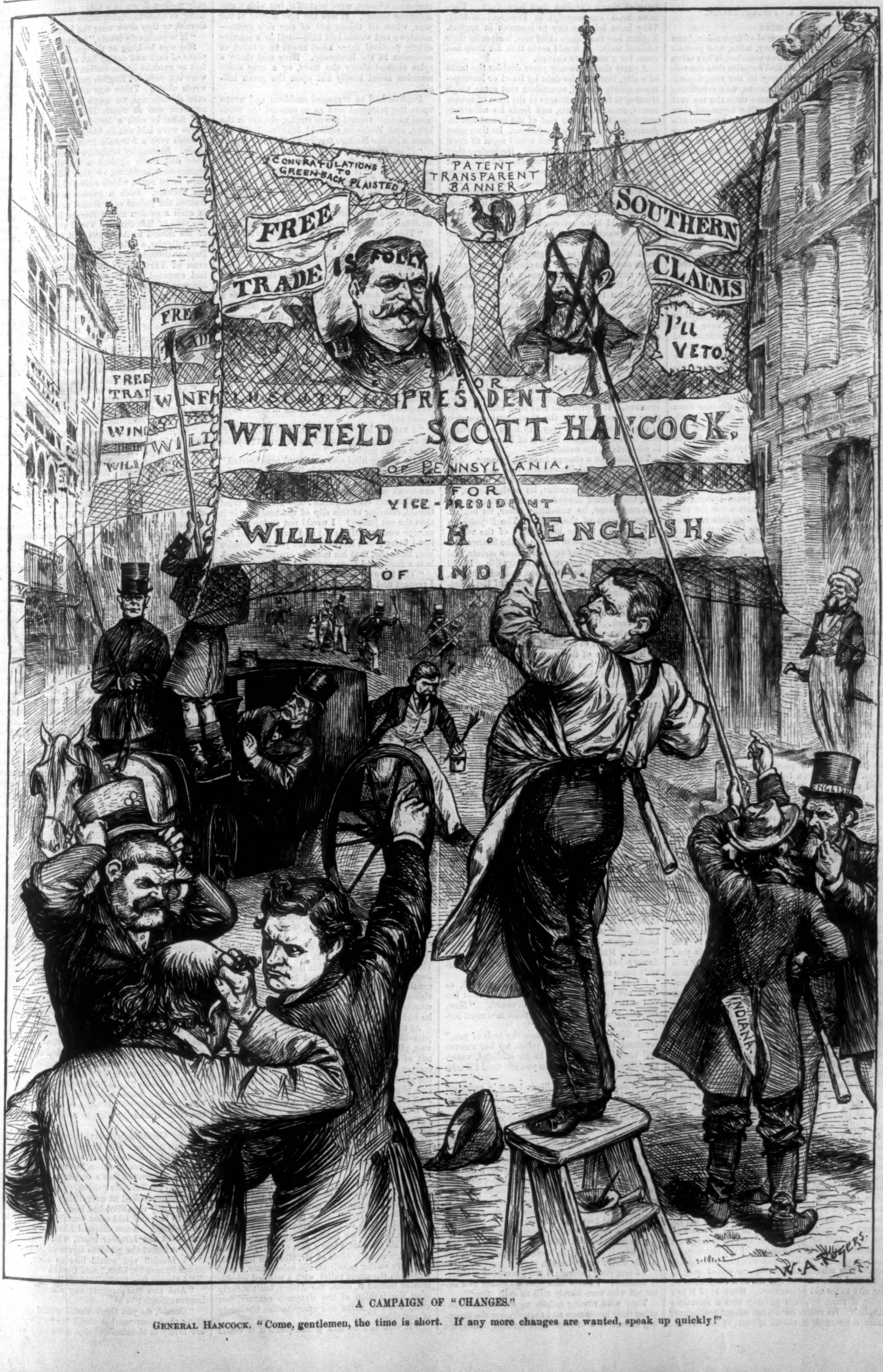
Since the great fire of 1871, the Chicago Post-office has been in temporary and very restricted quarters. On October 4 the mails were distributed for the first time from the new Post-office, in the new Government Building.

In the year 1878 the number of postal cards used in Europe was 342,000,000. During the year 1879 the number of cards posted in the United States was 246,000,000.

At the Berlin International Fisheries Exhibition many beautiful pieces of coral were exhibited by the firm of Mazza, from Torre del Greco, near Naples. One branch of coral weighed eleven pounds, and was valued at $3000, and another branch was in three colors, white, pink, and red. There was also a beautiful signet, cut from a bright red piece of coral, which the Messrs. Mazza had presented to the King of Italy. It is a representation of the royal family of Italy—portraits of the late King Victor Emanuel, the present King Humbert and his Queen Margherita, with their son the Crown Prince, all being elegantly cut, and surrounded by flowers and emblems. The *Scientific American* gives an engraving of this coral signet, taken from the *Leipziger Illustrirte Zeitung*.



"A CHANGE IS NECESSARY"—"WHO SHOULD WITHDRAW?"



A CAMPAIGN OF "CHANGES."

GENERAL HANCOCK. "Come, gentlemen, the time is short. If any more changes are wanted, speak up quickly!"

OUR CITY TAXATION.

To the Intelligent Voter:

During all the recent period of depression, from 1874 to 1880, when property, labor, and production had fallen low in value together, it has often been remarked with natural surprise that the valuation of the real property in the city, according to our Finance Department, was constantly growing, and that at the same time the tax rate for the city expenses was rather increased than lowered. In other words, while real property often had sunk to a fourth or a third of its former value, while it produced a very small rent or none at all, while in all other cities great retrenchment had been made in the annual expenses and a considerable reduction in the valuation and tax, in New York our impoverished citizens were called upon to pay relatively a far heavier rate in 1878 than they had done in 1873, and found the burden of taxation increasing, while their means of payment were taken away. One might suppose that it would have been the chief aim of our city government during this calamitous period to reduce its expenses to the lowest point attainable, to make the salaries of its numerous officials conform to the lower rates of living, and to save the citizens from the pressure of an enormous burden. But nothing of the kind has been done. Our city officials have insisted upon drawing their great salaries undiminished. They have lived in opulence while their fellow-citizens were often in want, while the high rate of taxation depressed labor, and the suffering community was driven almost to revolt. Unpatriotic and selfish, they refused to share in the misfortunes of their fellow-citizens, and wrung from the honest workingmen of the city the means of supporting their own extravagance.

This at least is the necessary inference from the record of our tax rate and its constant tendency to rise. Within thirty years the rate has doubled. In 1850 it was 1.13; in 1860, 1.69; in 1870, 2.17; in 1877, 2.65; in 1880, 2.53. But this apparent decrease since 1877 is due not to any economy on the part of our city officials, but only to the reduction in the amount required for the State. The State government is well administered, and has within a few years lowered its taxation by one-half. The taxation for the city is constantly increasing. But with this remarkable rise in the rate of taxation has at the same time gone on a most extraordinary increase of the public debt and private assessments. Our rulers have in thirty years not only doubled the taxes, but they have increased the city debt tenfold. In 1850 it was about $12,000,000; in 1860, $18,000,000; in 1870, $73,000,000; in 1877, $113,000,000; in 1880, about $112,000,000. Thus our city rulers have squandered the resources of the community, inflicted upon it a rate of taxation almost unprecedented in the period of its extreme poverty, and added within twenty years nearly $100,000,000 to its debt. It may be well to contrast the management of the State finances with those of the city. The State has nearly paid its debt, and is almost free; the city has increased its encumbrances tenfold. The State under Republican rulers has lowered its rate of taxation by one-half; the city has refused to reduce the salaries of its officials, has wasted its resources, and but for its magnificent site and the rare gifts of nature, might in the last six years of poverty and trial have been driven to actual insolvency. Happily the tide of prosperity flows in upon it again. Its streets, a few years ago so quiet, are filled with the rush of trade; its people, industrious and honest, so recently weighed down by a merciless taxation and a total stagnation of business, are once more rejoicing as the wealth of the world flows in upon them. All is activity and progress. Our city is entering upon a new period when its growth must surpass all that it has known before. Here must come the bankers, traders, money-lenders, and the speculative of all nations; here will centre the chief interests of trade; and here we should have a city government that would make New York the fitting seat of republican progress.

It is not necessary to charge dishonesty upon all our rulers, or want of patriotic sentiment. But who can doubt their utter incapacity? The amount to be expended by the city for this year is more than thirty millions. Yet we get for this immense outlay a general sense of uncleanliness and unhealthiness, filthy streets, imperfect sewerage, unpleasant odors, decaying docks, a harbor tainted with the refuse of the city, rude pavements and neglected sidewalks, a high death rate, and a class of ruling officials nearly all of whom were educated in the school of their disreputable predecessors. It is of the intense incapacity of our Democratic leaders that the people may be permitted to complain. They have shown themselves the dullest of their kind. When from 1865 to 1872 the city was made the prey of Democratic plunderers, its great debt heaped up, its morals corrupted, its good name nearly destroyed, our present Democratic rulers and politicians remained wholly unconscious of the misfortunes of the people. They were warned by the Republican newspapers and even by some of their own party as early as 1866 of the prevailing thefts. They might, one would suppose, have made some inquiry into the general conduct of their candidates and officials. Yet, astute lawyers as they often were, merchants, property owners, bankers, they went on for nearly five years, forcing into office their disreputable companions, misleading the ignorant voters, aiding stupidly in the plunder of the city, dull to the clamor of the industrious citizens. Nor has the conduct of the Democratic leaders since 1872 been any wiser or more patriotic. The movement for reform ended only in increased taxes, debts, and the new subjection of the city to its old persecutors. Since 1873 it has suffered from extreme poverty and a merciless taxation. Its rulers have been ardent politicians, more concerned, it would appear, about the affairs of South Carolina than New York. They have been unsuccessful in President-making. They have left the city to languish in neglect. Neglect has been their chief vice, incapacity their marked trait. It would seem that the time had come for a complete change.

A party that in twenty years doubles the taxes of a city, increases its debt by fraud or incompetence nearly sixfold, squanders vast sums which it extracts from the citizens in the form of assessments, fines, and rents, and feeds its adherents and dependents at the cost of the honest and industrious, can scarcely live forever. Its time must come at last, and that time would seem to draw near for our Democratic rulers. Heretofore they have driven their uncultivated masses to the polls, and held over them a despotic sway. They have kept up their great majorities by sectarian and unpatriotic appeals; they have labored to prevent our foreign citizens from becoming Americans, educated, intelligent; they have corrupted where they should have reformed. But already their power is waning, and the happy influence of free institutions may be traced in the gradual rise of our foreign voters to a higher degree of intelligence and self-respect. The careful observer can trace during the last ten years a real improvement in the manners, and possibly the morals, of his foreign fellow-citizens. They begin to feel the sentiment of patriotism, and they are no more Irish, German, or French subjects, but American citizens. It is probable that this feeling will appear in our future elections. As our foreign voters begin to reflect they will see that an extravagant and wasteful administration of our city affairs can no longer be borne; that they themselves are the chief sufferers from the faults of their rulers; that on them falls the weight of taxation, and all the consequences of a corrupt government. It is probable that they will throw off their connection with the Confederate reaction at the South, and that they will form an unchanging alliance with the friends of liberal progress in all parts of the nation.

The time for a change has plainly come. After twenty years of Democratic rule our citizens are weary of its incompetency and its frauds, its fearful burden of taxation, its uncleanliness, its debt, that seems always increasing without any apparent cause, its unhealthy odors, its neglect of the welfare of the people. The Republican party appeals to the intelligence of the voters. It promises a complete reform of the finances, an honest use of the city revenues, clean streets, and all the modern improvements in city life. It will labor to diminish the death rate, and bring health, comfort, and neatness to the homes of the industrious citizens. It would separate the financial department from politics, and place it in the hands of some one who can give an undivided attention to his work. It would watch over the common schools with sedulous care, and provide them with all the best aids to practical education. It is on the intelligence of the voter that the Republican party relies; it has faith in the people; and it is confident that the city of New York is soon to become a Republican city, the centre of progress, an example of the highest benefits of free institutions.

Eugene Lawrence.

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ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Barbara; or, Splendid Misery," "A Strange World," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Vixen," etc.

CHAPTER X.

"AND SPENDING SILVER HAD HE RIGHT YNOW."

At ten o'clock Daphne was down at the boat-house again, ready for the aquatic excursion, looking as fresh and bright as if nothing had ever occurred to vex her. She wore a workman-like attire of indigo serge—no gay fluttering scarlet ribbons this time. Her whole costume was studiously plain, from the sailor hat to the stout Cromwell shoe and dark blue stocking, the wash-leather glove, and leathern belt, with a broad steel buckle. Madoline's flowing muslin skirts and flowery hat contrasted charmingly with her sister's more masculine attire.

"This looks like business," said Gerald, as Bink ran the boat into the water, and held her while the ladies stepped on board. "Now, Daphne, whichever of us gets tired first must forfeit a dozen pairs of gloves."

"I think it will be you from the look of you," returned Daphne, as she rolled up her sleeves and took hold of an oar in an off-hand, waterman-like manner. "When you are tired I'll take the sculls."

"Well, you see, I am likely to be in very bad form. It is four years since I rowed in the university race."

"What, you rowed in the great race? What affectation to talk about being in bad form! I should think a man could never forget training of that kind."

"He can never forget the theory, but he may feel the want of practice. However, I fancy I shall survive till we get to Goring Lane, and that you'll win no gloves to-day. I suppose you never wear anything less than twelve buttons?"

"Madoline gives me plenty of gloves, thank you," replied Daphne, with dignity. "My glove-box is not supported by voluntary contributions."

"Daphne, do you know that for a young woman who is especially to become my sister you are barely civil?" said Gerald.

"I beg your pardon; I am practicing a sisterly manner. I never met with a brother and sister yet who were barely civil to each other."

They were rowing quietly up the stream, lowering their heads now and then to clear the drooping tresses of a willow. The verdant banks, the perpetual willows, were beautiful, but with a monotonous beauty. It was the ripe middle of the year, when all things are of one rich green—meadows and woods and hills—and in a country chiefly pastoral there must needs be a touch of sameness in the landscape. Here and there a spire showed above the trees, or a gray stone mansion stood boldly out upon the green hill-side.

Daphne had so arranged cushions and wraps upon the principal seat as to conceal the mutilated name. Gerald rowed stroke, she sat in the bows, and Madoline reclined luxuriously in the stern with the Maltese terrier Fluff in her lap.

"If we are lucky, we shall be at the Abbey an hour and a half before your aunt and her ponies," said Gerald. "It was extremely obliging of her to volunteer the inestimable boon of her advice, but I fancy we should get on quite as well without her."

"It would have been unkind to let her think we didn't want her," said Madoline, deprecatingly.

"That is so like you, Lina; you will go through life putting up with people you don't care about rather than wound their feelings," said Gerald, carelessly.

"Aunt Rhoda is my father's only sister. I am bound to respect her."

"I've no doubt the old man of the sea was a very estimable person in the abstract," said Gerald, "but Sindbad shunted him at the first opportunity. Don't look so distressed, dearest. Aunt Rhoda shall patronize us, and dictate to us all our lives, if it please you. By-the-bye, what has become of your devoted slave and ally, Turchill? I expected to find him on the premises when I arrived at South Hill."

"He went up to London last week with his mother to make a round of the theatres and picture-galleries. They will be home in a few days, I dare say."

"I wonder he can exist out of Warwickshire. He is so thoroughly bucolic, so permeated by the flavor of his native soil."

"He is very kind and good and true-hearted," protested Daphne, flushing indignantly; "and he is your old friend and kinsman. I wonder you can speak so contemptuously of him, Mr. Goring."

"What, my vixenish little Pop—Daphne," cried Gerald, coloring at this slip of the tongue, "is it thus the cat jumps? I would not underrate Edgar for worlds. He is out and away the best fellow I know; but, however much you may admire him, little one, that his mind is essentially bucolic is a fact—and facts are stubborn things."

"You have no right to say that I admire him. I respect and esteem him, and I am not ashamed to own as much, though you may think it a reason for laughing at me," retorted Daphne, still angry. "He taught me to row this very boat. He used to get up every morning at a ridiculously early hour in order to be at South Hill in time to give me a lesson before breakfast."

"A man might do twice as much for your beaux yeux, and yet deem it no self-sacrifice."

"Don't," cried Daphne. "Didn't I tell you ages ago that I detest you when you flatter me?"

Madoline looked up with momentary wonder at that expression "ages ago"; but Daphne was so given to wild exaggerations and a school-girl latitude of phrase, that ages ago might naturally mean yesterday.

"Daphne dearest, what has put you out of temper?" she asked, gently. "I'm afraid you're getting tired."

"If she gives in before we get to Goring Lane I shall claim a dozen gloves."

"I am not the least little bit tired; I could row you to Naseby if you liked," replied Daphne, haughtily; whereupon the lovers began to talk of their own affairs, somewhat lazily, as suited the summer morning and the quiet landscape, where a light haze that yet lingered over the fields seemed the cool and misty forecast of a blazing afternoon.

Goring Lane was an accommodation road, leading down from the home farm to the meadows on the river-bank, and here they found a light open carriage and a pair of strong country-made gray horses waiting for them.

Gerald had sent his valet over before breakfast to make all arrangements for their reception. The man was waiting beside the carriage, and to Daphne's horror she beheld in him the grave gentleman in gray who had helped to convey provisions for the Fontainebleau picnic; but not a muscle of the valet's face betrayed the fact that he had ever seen this young lady before.

At the end of the lane they came into a shady park-like avenue, and then to a gray stone gateway, pillared, mediæval, grandiose; on the summit of each granite pillar a griffin of the most correct heraldic make grasped a shield, and on the shield were quarterings that hinted at a palmer's pilgrimage in the Holy Land, and a ragged staff that suggested kindred with the historic race of Dudley.

The lodge-keeper's wife and her three children were standing by the open gate, ready to duck profusely in significance of delight in their lord's return. The male bird, as usual, was absent from the nest. Nobody ever saw a man at an entrance lodge.

The avenue of limes was of but thirty years' growth, but there was plenty of good old timber on the broad expanse of meadow-land which Mr. Goring had converted into a park. There was a broad blue lake in the distance, created by the late Mr. Goring, an island in the middle of it, also of his creation, while a fleet of rare and costly foreign aquatic birds of Mr. Goring's importation were sailing calmly on the calm water. And yonder in the green valley, with a wooded amphitheatre behind it, stood the Abbey, built strictly after the fashion of the sixteenth century, but every block of stone and every lattice obviously of yesterday.

"It wouldn't be half a bad place if it would only mellow down to a sober grayness instead of being so uncomfortably white and dazzling," said Gerald, as they drew near the house.

"It is positively lovely," answered Madoline.

She was looking at the gardens, which thirty years of care and outlay had made about as perfect as gardens of the Italian style can be. They were not such old English gardens as Lord Bacon wrote about. There was nothing wild, no intricate shrubberies, no scope for the imagination, as there was at South Hill. All was planned and filled in with a Dutch neatness. The parterres were laid out in blocks, and in the centre of each rose a fountain from a polished marble basin. Statues by sculptors of note were placed here and there against a background of tall orange-trees, arbutus, or yew. Everything was on a large scale, which suited this palatial Italian manner. Such a garden might have fitly framed the palace of a Medici or a Borgia; nay, in such a garden might Horace have walked by the side of Mæcenas, or Virgil recited a portion of his Æneid to Augustus and Octavia. There was a dignity, a splendor, in these parterres which Daphne thought finer than anything she had seen even at Versailles, whither Madame Tolmache had escorted her English pupils on a certain summer holiday.

"The rose garden will please you better than this formal pleasance, I dare say," said Gerald. "It is on the other side of the house, and consists wholly of grass walks and rose-trees. My dear mother gave her whole mind to the cultivation and improvement of her gardens. I believe she was rather extravagant in this one matter, at least I have heard my father say so. But I think the result justified her outlay."

"And yet you want to build more hot-houses on my account, Gerald! Surely arrangements that satisfied Lady Geraldine will be good enough for me," said Madoline.

"Oh, one ought to go on improving. Besides, you are fonder of exotics than my mother was. And the rage for church decoration is getting stronger every day. You will have plenty of use for your hot-houses. And now we'll go and take a sketchy survey of the house before we interview the worthy MacCloskie. Has Miss Lawford's gardener arrived, Gibson?" Gerald asked of the gentleman in gray, who had occupied the box seat, and was again in attendance at the carriage door, while a portly butler and a powdered footman, both of the true English pattern, waited in the Gothic porch.

"Yes, sir; Mr. MacCloskie is in the housekeeper's room."

"I hope they have given him luncheon."

"No, sir—thank you, sir. He would take nothing but a glass of claret and a cigar. He has taken a stroll round the gardens, sir, so as to be prepared to give an opinion."

The house was deliciously cool, almost as if ice had been laid on in the pipes which were used in winter for hot water. The hall was as profoundly Gothic as that at Penshurst; it was difficult to believe that the reek of a log fire piled in the middle of the stone floor had never gone up through yonder rafters, that the rude vassals of a feudal lord had never squatted by the blaze, or slept on yonder ponderous oaken settles. Nothing was wanting that should have been there to tell of an ancient ancestry. Armor that had been battered and dented at Cressy or Bannockburn, or at any rate most skillfully manipulated at Birmingham, adorned the walls. Banners drooped from the rafters, heads of noble stags that had been shot in Arden's primeval wood, spears and battle-axes that had been used in the Crusades, and collected in Wardour Street, gave variety to the artistic decoration of the walls, while tapestry of undoubted antiquity hung before the doorways.

These things had given pleasure to Mr. Giles Goring, but to his son they were absolutely obnoxious. Yet the father had been so good a father, and had done such honest and useful work in the world before he began to amass this trumpery, that the son had not the heart to dislodge anything.

They went through room after room, all richly furnished, all strictly mediæval—old oak carving collected in the Low Countries, cabinets that reached from floor to ceiling, sideboards large enough to barricade a Parisian boulevard, all the legends of Holy Writ exemplified by the patient Fleming's chisel, polished oaken floors, panelled walls. The only modern rooms were those at one end of the Abbey, which had been refurnished by Lady Geraldine during her widowhood, and here there was all the lightness and grace of modern upholstery of the highest order—satin-wood and pale-tinted draperies, choice water-colors and choicer porcelain on the walls, books in every available nook.

"How lovely!" cried Daphne, to whom everything in the house was new, and who had not been impressed by the modern mediævalism of the other rooms. "This is where I should like to live."

Lady Geraldine's morning-room looked into the rose garden. She had not been able to do away with the mullioned windows, but a little glass door, an anachronism, but vastly convenient, had been squeezed into a corner to give her easy access to her favorite garden.

Madoline looked at everything with tender regard. Lady Geraldine had been fond of her, and kind to her, and had most heartily approved her son's choice. Tears dimmed Lina's sight as she looked at the familiar room, which seemed so empty without the gracious figure of its mistress.

"I fancied you would like to occupy these rooms by-and-by, Lina," said Gerald.

"I should like it of all things."

"And can you suggest any alterations—any improvements?"

"Gerald, do you think that I would change a thing that your mother cared for? The rooms are lovely in themselves; but were they ever so

old-fashioned or shabby, I should like them best as your mother left them."

"Lina, you are simply perfect!" exclaimed Gerald, tenderly. "You are just the one faultless woman I have ever met. Chaucer's Grisel was not a diviner creature."

"I hope you are not going to try my sister as that horrid man in the story tried Grisel?" cried Daphne, bristling with indignation. "I only wish I had lived in those days, and had the reversion of Count Walter, as a widower. I'd have made him repent his brutality."

"I've no doubt you would have proved skillful in the art of husband government," said Gerald. "But you needn't be alarmed. Much as I admire Grisel, I sha'n't try to emulate her husband. I could not leave my wife in agony and walk away smiling at the cleverness of my practical joke. Well, Lina, then it is settled that in these rooms there is to be no alteration," he added, turning to Madoline, who had been taking up the volumes on a little ebony bookstand and looking at their titles.

"Please make no alteration anywhere. Let the house be as your father and mother arranged it."

"My sweet conservative. And we are to keep all the old servants, I conclude. They are all of my father's and mother's choosing."

"Pray keep them all. If you could any way find room for MacCloskie, without offending your head gardener—"

"MacCloskie shall be superintendent of your own special hot-houses, my darling. It will be an easy, remunerative place—good wages and plenty of perquisites."

A grinding of wheels on the gravel, and a tremendous peal of the bell at the principal entrance, proclaimed the advent of a visitor.

"Aunt Rhoda, no doubt," said Gerald. "Let us be sober."

They went back to the hall to greet the new arrival. It was Mrs. Ferrers's youthful groom—a smart young gentleman of the tiger species—who had made that tremendous peal. Mrs. Ferrers's roan ponies were scratching up the gravel; but Mrs. Ferrers was not alone; a gentleman had just dismounted from a fine upstanding bay, and that gentleman was Edgar Turchill.

"So glad to see you here, Aunt Rhoda. Why, Turchill, they told me you were in London."

"Came home last night, rode over to South Hill this morning, overtook Mrs. Ferrers on the way, and—"

"I asked him to come on with me, and to join in our round of inspection," said Aunt Rhoda. "I hope I did not do very wrong?"

"You did very right. I don't think Turchill feels himself much of a stranger at the Abbey, even though it has been a very inhospitable place for the last year or so. And now before we go in for any more business let's proceed to luncheon. Your boat has had a most invigorating effect on my appetite, Daphne. I'm simply famished."

"So you came in Daphne's boat. She rows pretty well, doesn't she?" asked Edgar, with a glance of mingled pride and tenderness at his pupil.

"She might win a cup to-morrow. You have reason to be proud of her."

They all went into the refectory, where under the lofty open timber roof a small oval table looked like an island in a sea of Turkey carpet and polished oak flooring.

"It would have served you right if we had had the long dinner-table," Gerald said to Daphne, as he passed her with Mrs. Ferrers on his arm.

"I thought we were going to picnic in the park," said Madoline.

"Daphne—neither you nor Daphne seemed to care about it," replied Gerald.

"This is a great deal more sensible," remarked Mrs. Ferrers.

"Oh, I don't know; it's awfully jolly to eat one's luncheon under the trees in such weather as this," said Edgar.

"For Mr. Turchill's particular gratification, we will have afternoon tea in the cloisters," said Gerald. "Blake," to the butler, "let there be tea at half past four on the grass in the cloisters."

Daphne could eat or drink very little, though Edgar, who sat next to her, was pressing in his offers of lobster mayonaise, and cold chicken, cutlets, sole à la maître d'hôtel, Périgord pie. She was looking about her at the portraits on the walls.

Facing her hung Prescott Knight's picture of the man who began his career by wheeling barrows, and who ended it by building mighty viaducts, levelling hills, filling valleys, making the crooked paths straight. It was a brave, honest English face, plain, rugged even, the painter having in no wise flattered his sitter, but a countenance that was pleasanter to the eye than many a handsome face. A countenance that promised truth and honor, manliness and warm feelings, in its possessor.

Daphne looked from the portrait on the wall to the present master of the Abbey. No; there was not one point of resemblance between Gerald Goring and his father.

Then she looked at another portrait hanging in the place of honor above the wide Gothic mantelpiece. Lady Geraldine, by Buckner, the picture of an elegant high-bred woman of between thirty and forty, dressed in amber satin and black lace, one bare arm lifted to pluck a rose from a lattice, the other hand resting on a marble balustrade, across which an Indian shawl had been flung carelessly. Face and figure were both perfect after their kind—figure tall and willowy, a swan's neck, a proud and pensive countenance, with eyes of the same doubtful color as Gerald's, the same dreamy look in them. Then Daphne turned her gaze to the other end of the room, where hung the famous Sir Peter Lely, a replica of the well-known picture in Hampton Court, for which replica Mr. Giles Goring had paid a preposterous price to a poor and proud member of his wife's family, who was lucky enough to possess it. Strange that a single-minded, honest-hearted man like John Giles Goring should have been proud of his son's descent from a king's mistress, and should have hung the portrait of Felicia, Countess of Heronville, above the desk at which he read family prayers to his assembled household. Yes; Lady Heronville's eyes were like Gerald's, dreamily beautiful.

Everybody at the table had plenty to say, except Daphne. She was absorbed by her contemplation of the pictures. Edgar was concerned at her want of appetite. He tried to entertain her by telling her of the plays and pictures he had seen.

"Your father ought to take you to town before the season is over. There is so much to see," he said; "and though I am told that all the West End tradespeople are complaining, it seems to me that London was never so full as this year. Hyde Park in the morning and afternoon is something wonderful."

"I should like to go to the opera," said Daphne, rather listlessly. "Madame Tolmache took us to hear *Faust* one evening. She said that an occasional visit to the opera was the highest form of cultivation for the youthful mind. I believe she had a box given her by the music master, and that she turned it to her own advantage that way, charging it in her bills, don't you know. I shall never forget that evening. It was at the end of August, and Paris was wrapped in a white mist, and the air had a breathless, suffocating feeling, and the streets smelled of overripe peaches. But when we got out of the jolting fly that took us from the station to the theatre, and went to a box that seemed in the clouds, we had to go up so many stairs to reach it, and the music began, and the curtain went up, it was like being in a new world. I felt as if I were holding my breath all the time. Even Martha Dibb—that stupid, good-natured girl I told you about—seemed spell-bound, and sat with her mouth open, gasping like a fish. Nilsson was Marguerite, and Faure was Mephistopheles. I shall remember them to the end of my life."

"You'll hear them again often, I hope. Nilsson was singing the other night when I took my mother to hear Wagner's great opera. The music is quite the rage, I believe; but I don't like it as well as *Don Giovanni*."

Luncheon was over by this time—a formal, ceremonious luncheon such as Daphne detested. It was her punishment for having been uncivil last night when the picnic idea was mooted. And now they all repaired to the gardens, and perambulated the parterre, and criticised the statues—Leda with her swan, Venus with an infant Cupid, Hebe offering her cup, Ganymede on his eagle—all the most familiar personages in Horne's Pantheon. The fountains were sending up their rainbow spray in the blazing afternoon sun. The geraniums, and calceolarias, and pansies, and petunias, and all the tribe of begonias, and houseleeks, newly bedded out, seemed to shiver in the fierce bright light.

"For pity's sake let us get out of this burning flowery furnace!" cried Gerald. "Let's go to the rose garden; it's on the shady side of the house, and within reach of my mother's favorite tulip-trees."

The rose garden was a blessed refuge after that exposed parterre facing due south. Here there was velvet turf on which to walk, and here were trellised screens and arches wreathed with the yellow clusters of the Celine Forestier, and the Devoniensis. Mrs. Ferrers was a person who always discoursed of flowers by their botanical or fashionable names. She did not call a rose a rose, but went into raptures over a Marguerite de St. Armand, a Garnet Wolseley, a Gloire de Vitry, or an Étienne Levet, as the case might be.

Here, smoking his cigar, which he politely suppressed at their approach, they discovered Mr. MacCloskie, the hard-faced, sandy-haired Scottish gardener.

"You have been taking a look at my grounds, I hear, MacCloskie," Mr. Goring said, pleasantly.

"Yes, sir, I've looked about me a bit. I think I've seen pretty well everything."

"And the hot-houses leave room for improvement, I suppose?"

"Well, sir, I'm not wishing to say anything disrespectful to your architect," began MacCloskie, with that deliberation which gave all his speeches an air of superior wisdom, "but if he had tried his hardest to spend the maximum of money in attaining the minimum of space and accommodation—to say nothing of his ventilation and his heating apparatus, which are just abominable—he couldn't have succeeded better than he has—unconsciously."

"Dear me, Mr. MacCloskie, that's a bad account. And yet the gardeners here have managed to rub on very decently for a quarter of a century with no better accommodation than you have seen to-day."

"Ay, sir, that's where it is. They've just roobed on, poor fellows. And I can only say that it's very creditable to them to do as well as they have done; and if they're about a quarter of a century behind the times, nobody can blame them."

"Then we must build new houses—that's inevitable, I conclude."

"Yes, sir, if you want to grow exotics."

"Yet I used to see a good deal of stephanotis about the rooms in my father's time."

"Ay, there's a fine plant growing in a bit of a glass—shed," said Mr. MacCloskie, with ineffable contempt. "Necessity's the mother of invention, Mr. Goring. Your gardeners have done just wonders. But with all deference to you, sir, that kind of thing wouldn't suit me. And if Miss Lawford had any idea of my coming here by-and-by—" with a respectful glance at his mistress, as he stood at ease, contemplating the spotless lining of his top-hat.

"Miss Lawford would like you to continue in her service when she is Mrs. Goring. Perhaps you will be good enough to give me an exact specification of the space you would require, and the form of house you would suggest. I wish Miss Lawford to be in no way a loser when she exchanges South Hill for Goring Abbey."

"Thank you, sir; you are very good, sir," murmured the Scotchman, as if it were for his gratification the houses were to be built. "This is a very fine place, sir; it would be a pity if it were to be behind the times in any particular."

The head gardener bowed and withdrew, every one—even Aunt Rhoda—breathing more freely when he had vanished.

"Isn't he too utterly horrid?" asked Daphne. "If there is a being I detest in this world, it is he. Were I in Lina's place, I should take advantage of my marriage to get rid of him; but she will just go down to her grave domineered over by that man," concluded Daphne, mimicking MacCloskie's northern tongue.

"He is not the most agreeable person in the world," said Lina, "but he is thoroughly conscientious."

"Did you ever know a disagreeable person who did not set up for being a paragon of honesty?" exclaimed Daphne, contemptuously.

They roamed about the rose garden, which was a lovely place to loiter in upon a summer day, and lingered under the tulip-trees, where there were rustic chairs and a rustic table, and every incentive to idleness. Beyond the tulip-trees there was a shrubbery on the slope of the hill—a shrubbery which sheltered the rose garden from bleak winds, and made it a thoroughly secluded spot. While the rest of the party sat talking under the big broad-leaved trees, Daphne shot off to explore the shrubbery. The first thing that attracted her attention was a large wire cage among the laurels.

"Is that an aviary?" she asked.

"No," answered Gerald, rising and going over to her. "It is my father's antecedents."

He pulled away the laurel branches which had spread themselves in front of the cage, and Daphne saw that it contained only a shabby old barrow, a pickaxe, and shovel.

"Those were the stock in trade with which my father began his career," he said. "I don't believe he had even the traditional half-crown; I've no doubt if he had possessed such a coin his pals would have made him spend it on beer. He began life a barefooted, ignorant lad upon a railroad in the north of England, and before his fortieth birthday he was one of the greatest contractors and one of the best-informed men of his time, but he never mastered the right use of the aspirate, and he never could bring himself to wear gloves. It was his fancy to keep those old tools of his, and to take his visitors to look at them after they had gone the round of house and gardens."

"I hope you are proud of him," said Daphne, with a bright penetrating glance which seemed to pierce Mr. Goring's soul. "I should hate you if I thought that, even for one moment in your life, you could feel ashamed of such a father."

"Then I'm afraid I must endure your hate," said Gerald. "No, I have never felt ashamed of my father; he was the dearest, kindest, most unselfish, most indulgent father that ever spoiled an unworthy son. But I have occasionally felt ashamed of that barrow when it has been exhibited and explained to a new acquaintance, and I have seen that the new acquaintance thought the whole thing—the mock mediæval abbey, and the barrow, and my dear simple-hearted dad—one stupendous joke."

"I should be more ashamed of Felicia, Countess of Heronville, than of that barrow, if I were you," exclaimed Daphne, flushed and indignant.

"You little radical! Mistress Felicia was by no means an exemplary person, but she was one of the loveliest women at Charles's court, where lovely women congregated by common consent, while all the ugly ones buried themselves at their husbands' country-seats, and thought that some fiery comet must be swooping down upon the world because of wickedness in high places. Don't be too hard upon poor Lady Heronville. She died in the zenith of her charms, while quite a young woman."

"Do you think she ought to be pitied for that?" demanded Daphne. "Why, it was the brightest fate Heaven could give her. The just punishment for her evil ways would have been a long, loveless old age, and to see her beauty fade day by day, and to know that the world she loved despised and forgot her.

"'Whom the gods love die young was said of old;
And many deaths do they escape by this—'"

"Where did you find those lines, little one?"

"In a book we used to read aloud at Madame Tolmache's—*Gems from Byron*."

"Oh, I see. Mere chippings, diamond-dust. I was afraid you'd been at the Koh-i-noor itself."

"Are we to have some tea, Gerald?" asked Madoline, crossing to them and looking at her watch as she came. "It is half past four, and we must be going home soon."

"To the cloisters, ladies and gentlemen, to all that there is of the most mediæval in the Abbey."

They passed under a Gothic archway and found themselves on a square green lawn, in the midst of which was another fountain in a genuine old marble basin, a Roman relic dug up thirty years ago in the peninsula of Portland. A cloistered walk surrounded this grass-plot. A striped awning had been put up beside the fountain, and under this the tea-table was spread.

"Now, Lina, let us see if you can manage that ponderous tea-kettle," said Gerald.

"It is the handsomest I ever saw," sleepily remarked Mrs. Ferrers, who had found the afternoon somewhat dreary, since nobody had seemed to want her advice about anything. "But I must confess that I prefer the rector's George the Second silver, and old Swansea cups and saucers, to the highest exemplars of modern art."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The meanest woman on record is the one who ran up to a lady friend on the street and said: "Of course you have heard of the scandal in the church! Awful, isn't it? Oh, here's my car!" and then jumped into a horse-car, and was gone without explaining the scandal to the friend who didn't know about it.

"I thought you took an interest in my welfare," said an unsuccessful lover. "No, sir," she replied; "only in your farewell."

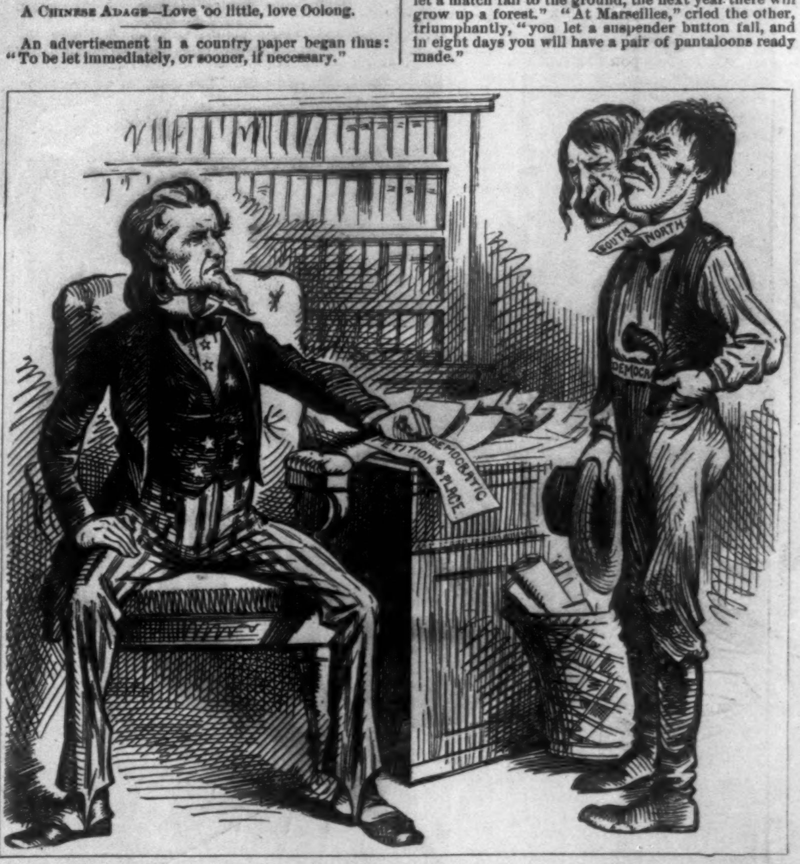
A Chinese Adage—Love 'oo little, love Oolong.

An advertisement in a country paper began thus: "To be let immediately, or sooner, if necessary."

A heroic and noble Bostonian's first thought when his house took fire recently was for his mother-in-law, whom he saved from a burning staircase by promptly throwing her from a three-story window.

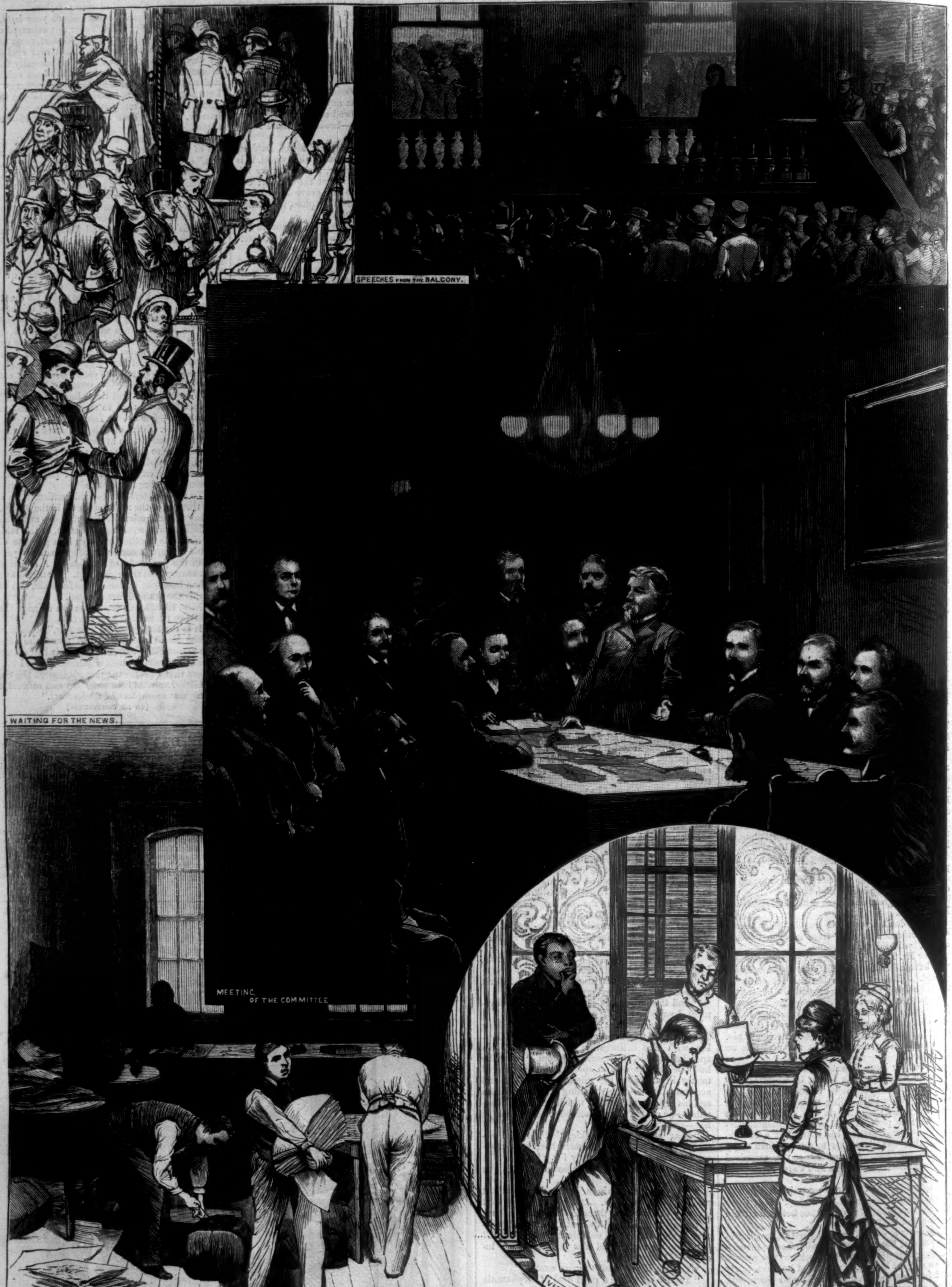
A Dangerous Character—A man who "takes life" cheerfully.

A couple of peasants discuss the fertility of their respective provinces. "At Bordeaux," said one, "if you let a match fall to the ground, the next year there will grow up a forest." "At Marseilles," cried the other, triumphantly, "you let a suspender button fall, and in eight days you will have a pair of pantaloons ready made."



A POSER.

Uncle Sam. "Hm-m! You're the Party I discharged before for gross mismanagement. But what have you *done* in the last twenty years to warrant my *again* trusting you with my honor and reputation?"



HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY FRANK MILLER.

THE HON. ALBERT G. PORTER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF INDIANA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. D. JUDKINS.

WILLIAM DOWD, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 718.]

GOVERNOR PORTER.

THE HON. ALBERT G. PORTER, Governor-elect of Indiana, was born at Lawrenceburg, in that State, on the 20th of April, 1824. When a mere lad he became a ferry hand on the Ohio River, opposite his native place, and at the age of fifteen he had saved enough money at this work to carry him through college. He graduated at Asbury University in 1843, and began to practice law at Indianapolis. Soon afterward he became a Councilman, serving for two terms, and was twice Corporation Attorney.

In 1859 he was elected to Congress, and served two terms. Upon the death of ROBERT W. TAYLOR, First Comptroller of the Treasury, in 1878, President HAYES appointed MR. PORTER to the vacancy. He administered this important office with great ability until last August, when he withdrew, in consequence of his nomination by the Republicans of Indiana for Governor. The events of the exciting canvass that followed are still fresh in the minds of our readers. The Democrats were sanguine of success; but MR. PORTER was elected by a plurality of about 7500 votes over MR. LANDERS, the Democratic candidate. He will undoubtedly make an efficient and popular Governor.

THE LENOX LIBRARY, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY BENJAMIN DAY.—[SEE PAGE 718.]

MR. WILLIAM DOWD.

Mr. William Dowd, the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York, is a gentleman well known to the business men of this city. He is of New England parentage, and was born in Batavia, Genesee County, New York, in 1824. He came to this city in 1844, and entered upon a successful mercantile career. In 1874 Mr. Dowd, having retired from business, was elected President of the Bank of North America—a position which he still occupies. For the past two years he has been Chairman of the Clearing-house Association.

In 1873 Mayor Havemeyer appointed Mr. Dowd Commissioner of Education, and he is still a member of that Board. For four years he was Chairman of its Finance Committee, and is now Chairman of the Committee on Colored Schools. He has always been a hard and earnest worker in the cause of public schools. Mr. Dowd is a member of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, a Trustee of the College of New York, and Chairman of the Executive Committee of that institution. He is a prominent member of the Union League Club, and also of the New York Historical Society.

THE LENOX LIBRARY.

The late Mr. James Lenox was in the habit of devoting large sums to beneficent objects, but his most memorable gift was that of March 17, 1870, when, for the nominal sum of $10, he conveyed to the trustees of the Lenox Library the plot of ground upon which stands the noble structure depicted in our engraving. This magnificent site comprised the highest and choicest spot on the Lenox farm at Five-mile Stone, and included the whole front on Fifth Avenue between Seventieth and Seventy-first streets, with one lot in the rear on each street, making a plot 200 feet and 10 inches front by 125 feet deep. The library building, which is three stories high, and fire-proof, stands on the crest of the hill, and overlooks the most picturesque portions of Central Park. The foundation was laid on the solid rock in April, 1871. It is constructed of light gray granite, after the plans of Richard Hunt, architect. The edifice is a model of classic and severe taste for a building devoted to literature and art. The value of the choice piece of land donated to the Lenox Library may be estimated at $600,000, and the building at $450,000 more. What the value of the magnificent collection of books and the art gallery may be it would be rash to estimate too closely, but it undoubtedly reaches a vast sum.

A remarkable feature of the Lenox Library is the number of ancient books it contains. Many of these are the whole or portions of the Scriptures. The first in point of time is a copy on vellum, in German, and dating, from Ulm or Augsburg, about 1400. It is a combination of block-printing and manuscript, with some singular colored figures. The coloring of the figures in all block-printed books—and most of them are thus colored—was, of course, done by hand. Of still greater interest and value is a copy of the earliest printed edition of the Apocalypse of St. John, consisting of forty-eight leaves, with the figures colored. It is impossible to fix its date, but it was perhaps earlier than 1440. By its side lies a vellum manuscript much resembling it, and near by is a copy of the second edition. A copy of this early specimen of xylographic printing was sold for $4000 about a year ago.

These volumes, like all the more precious treasures of the library, are protected by a glass case, and lying near them we see a German manuscript of 1445, the *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*, with a well-executed printed capital letter at the beginning of the page, also the first edition of the whole printed text of this "Mirror of Human Salvation." The *Biblia Pauperum*, or "Bible of the Poor," was a xylographic production, intended to represent the truths of the Scriptures by pictures and short texts. The figures in these books are less horrible than those of the Apocalypse, but hardly more artistic.

In works relating to the discovery of America, this library is richer than any other in the world, especially in the number and completeness of its copies of some scarce works. This collection contains some valuable books bearing upon the voyages of Columbus and Vespuccius. There is the *Imago Mundi* of Petrus de Alyaco, printed about 1483, which seems to have first directed the attention of Columbus to the Western continent.

Of the works relating to the discoveries of Americus Vespuccius we have space to mention but one, and that is of great interest. It is the *Cosmographiæ Introductio* of Hylacomylus, printed in 1507, in which the name of America was first mentioned for this continent. "Hylacomylus" was the Hellenized form of the name of Martin Waltzmüller, a professor of the Gymnazium of St. Die, in Lorraine. In this *Cosmographiæ Introductio*, on the fifteenth leaf, appears the suggestion which gave the continent its name, and of which the following is a translation, "But now that those regions have been more extensively described, and another fourth part has been discovered by Americus (as will appear in the sequel), I do not see why it should not be named America, that is, the land of its discoverer, Americus—a man of sagacious mind—since both Europe and Asia took their names from women." The popularity of this early geography led to the immediate adoption of its author's suggestion. In close proximity to this interesting volume is Camer's edition of Solinus's *Enarrationes* (Vienna, 1520), which contains the earliest map with the name of America.

Mr. Lenox possessed the prime and indispensable attributes of a collector—large wealth and cultivated tastes. During the days of his active book collecting he was without a rival among the book buyers in this country for thorough bibliographical information, intimate knowledge of editions, extending to all the minutiæ of textual differences and nice distinctions that escape mere title-page and colophon experts, and for unbending determination to possess the most immaculate copies the book markets of the world could furnish. Most of Mr. Lenox's purchases of typographical antiquities were, of course, made on the other side of the Atlantic, within the range and observation of the keen-eyed booksellers of London and Paris, and one may find in either of those cities to-day stooping elderly gentlemen who can tell pretty accurately what great monuments of the printer's art this library contains, and what was paid for them. There is a little story told apropos of the Mazarin Bible that will interest many. The book was bought for Mr. Lenox in London nearly thirty years ago. Seeing it announced in the catalogue of a coming sale, he told Mr. John Wiley to instruct his London agent to bid as high as £300 for it. Mr. Wiley wrote the order at once; but the agent mistook his 3 for a 5, went to the sale, and bought the Bible for £500. Mr. Lenox was not pleased when he learned of the mistake, but he accepted the result, and the book was sent him, after being bound in London, and it is not likely that he ever regretted the purchase. It cost him $2650. At the Stevens sale in London in 1873 the paper copy of the Mazarin Bible brought £2690—more than five times what Mr. Lenox paid for his, and the vellum copy sold for £3400.

The Lenox Library was not designed to be a popular collection of works calculated to attract the great mass of ordinary readers, and this accounts for the many restrictions that have been laid upon visitors, some of whom have been inclined to complain. Its chief value is to students and scholars who desire to have recourse to ancient works and documents, and who know how to regard the treasures which commonly curious people might handle too carelessly. The collections of books, engravings and maps, statuary, paintings, drawings, and other works of art, as they stand, have no equal in our country. In complete folio editions, in old Bibles and in parts thereof, the collection is superior to that of the British Museum. The picture-gallery contains about one hundred and fifty pictures, mainly modern, by foreign and American artists, and there are nineteen pieces of sculpture.

It is said, and with truth, that Baldwin the Clothier sells by retail in New York twice as much, and in Brooklyn, at the "Baldwin Building," three times as much clothing when his business is compared with any other of the kind in the two cities. This is a remarkable showing, and worthy of notice.—[*Com.*]

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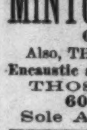

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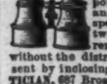

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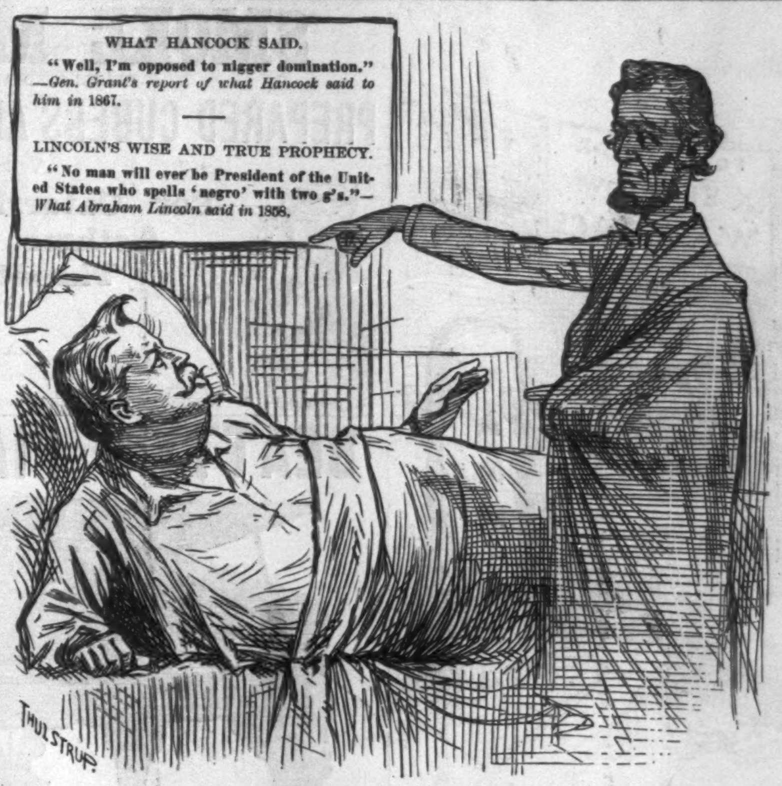

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[From Rev. Dr. Bridgeman.] Brooklyn, June 1st, 1880.
"*Gents:* I have never before given a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. I am so pleased with your Hair Brush that I deem it my duty to write you recommending it most cordially. My hair, about a year since, commenced falling out, and I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Brush a thick growth of hair has made its appearance, quite equal to that which I had previous to its falling out. I have tried other remedies, but with no success. After this remarkable result I purchased one for my wife, who has been a great sufferer from headache, and she finds it a prompt and infallible remedy. A. C. Bridgeman, D.D."

218 Fulton St., New York, August 31, 1880.
"I would Not take $1000 for my Brush If I could not replace it." Pliny F. Smith.
Mr. Smith is a gentleman well known in this City as a Law Publisher and also as a Director in several Public Institutions of New York.

Round Lake Camp-Meeting Grounds, Saratoga Co., N. Y., June 8th, 1880.
"Your Brush is certainly a remarkable cure. I am highly pleased with it. Its effect is most wonderful, and you may be sure I shall recommend it heartily among my friends. It is also a splendid Hair Brush, well worth the money, and will last me for years. Rev. J. D. Rogers, Superintendent."

"Domestic" Sewing Machine Co., New York, August 16, 1880.
"Dr. Geo. A. Scott—*Dear Sir:* Permit me to add the testimony of my wife to that of many others who have been benefited by the use of your Electric Brush. She has for years been a sufferer from Neuralgia in an acute form, but since I obtained for her one of your Brushes she has experienced entire relief. Please accept her sincere thanks. Henry Bartlett."

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